

DECEMBER 18, 1972

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by
NORELL

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

THIS is a painful letter for me to write. By now you undoubtedly know that LIFE magazine will stop publication with its next issue. TIME's current Press section explains the reasons why, and summarizes the history of the world's great pioneering picture magazine, the magazine that brought the globe to America's doorstep.

What I want to say here is more personal—something of what we at TIME have always felt for our sister publication. We were older (TIME started in 1923; LIFE in 1936). But LIFE by its nature was more spectacular and glamorous. We sometimes envied the lavishness of its enterprises—LIFE always seemed to be chartering planes across the Atlantic or organizing safaris into darkest Africa. Our photographers yearned for LIFE's large pages, and our space-conscious writers were awed by its willingness to carry very lengthy accounts of the fall of Rome or the rise of a star. Essentially, we loved LIFE and were fiercely proud of it.

Sometimes our staffs were keenly competitive, most of the time warmly cooperative. My own first job at Time Inc. was with LIFE as an advertising salesman in 1954. When I moved to TIME in 1957 and went on to compete for LIFE's readers and advertisers, my bonds with the LIFE staff remained strong. That experience was typical. One of LIFE's great managing editors, John Shaw Billings, had earlier been managing editor of TIME. Many LIFE staffers, including Editor Thomas Griffith, began their careers at TIME. In turn, the TIME staff has benefited from many LIFE graduates, including Senior Editors Timothy Foote and Leon Jaroff. Hugh Sides served simultaneously as TIME's Washington bureau chief and a prized LIFE columnist. For years the correspondents of the TIME-LIFE News Service worked for both publications, sharing offices throughout the world and drawing upon the same support facilities. Inevitably they laughed together, sometimes suffered together and always shared the professional pride of working for the top publications in their field.

All this was symbolized by the words TIME-AND-LIFE—which became virtually a single word in the American idiom. Moreover, that double label will continue to exist: on the Time-Life Buildings in New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Amsterdam and Tokyo; on TIME-LIFE Books and Records, and other projects and products. Much of the experience and talent that constituted LIFE will be used and reflected by other Time Inc. enterprises, including TIME, which we hope will be joined by some of LIFE's people. Although we are a very different magazine, we will try in our own way to carry on LIFE's sense of excitement and discovery, combined with our own mission, which is to organize and analyze the week's events and to report the news that is not found elsewhere.

Meanwhile, we salute our LIFE colleagues, past and present, who have forever advanced the journalist's craft by giving the public for nearly four decades the best in word and image.

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: A "food face" by Stanley Glaubach, photographed by Robert S. Crandall.

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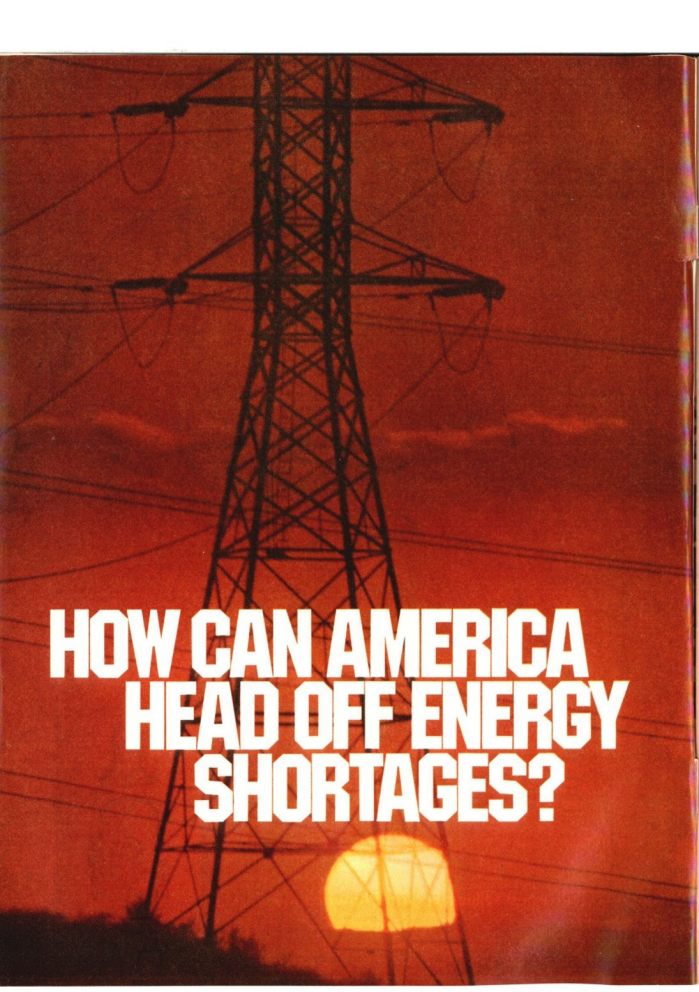
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HOW CAN AMERICA HEAD OFF ENERGY SHORTAGES?

THE SUREST WAY IS TO INCREASE OUR DOMESTIC SUPPLIES OF OIL AND NATURAL GAS.

THESE TWO FUELS FURNISH 77% OF ALL OUR ENERGY.

THEY WILL BE OUR MOST IMPORTANT ENERGY SOURCES FOR YEARS TO COME.

TODAY, AMERICA'S DEMAND FOR OIL AND NATURAL GAS IS MUCH GREATER THAN DOMESTIC PRODUCTION.

TO AVOID THE "ENERGY SHORTAGES" YOU'VE BEEN READING SO MUCH ABOUT, WE'RE DEPENDING MORE AND MORE ON IMPORTS OF FOREIGN OIL.

WE NEED IMPORTS, BUT WE SHOULD NOT BECOME OVERLY DEPENDENT ON THEM.

EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD KNOW THE FACTS ABOUT THE ENERGY SUPPLIES ON WHICH HIS WAY OF LIFE DEPENDS.

Energy is the power to keep machines working.

Thousands of kinds of machines: people machines like home furnaces, kitchen ranges, air conditioners, light bulbs, automobiles; public machines like planes, trains, television networks, water purification plants; all the complex machinery modern industry uses to make the things we use in our daily lives.

Abundant and low-cost supplies of energy have given Americans one of the highest standards of living in the world.

Oil and natural gas furnish 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity. Yet today, with energy demand expected to almost double within the next 15 years, production from known domestic reserves has reached a peak.

WE'RE USING MORE, FINDING LESS

In 1971, domestic natural gas production was 96% of what we used. By 1985, unless we take steps now to encourage exploration for new supplies, domestic production will meet only 40% of estimated demand.

Domestic oil production in 1971 took care of about three-fourths of demand. By 1985, domestic supplies will provide less than half of our needs—unless we start now to increase these supplies.

Our other domestic sources of energy at present are coal (18%), hydroelectric power (4%), and nuclear and geothermal power (less than 1%). By 1985, nuclear power's share may rise as high as 17%,

while the relative shares of coal and hydroelectric power are expected to decline slightly.

We have learned how to make synthetic oil and gas from coal, and to produce oil from shale and tar sands. But it will be many years before these sources can make a significant contribution.

Some day we may even get power directly from the sun. But solar energy is still a long way off.

For the next critical decade or longer, the great share of our growing energy burden must be borne by oil and natural gas.

WHERE CAN WE GET ENOUGH?

Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and natural gas still to be discovered in America, particularly offshore. But environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing their development.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

"Imports" are one obvious answer to the supply problem. But that answer is not as simple as it may seem to be.

In 1971, we imported about one-fourth of the oil we used. That share will rise, year after year. So may imports of natural gas.

But the cost of imports is rising steeply. By 1985, if we have to import more than half our needs, our balance of payments deficit for oil and natural gas could be a staggering \$25 billion a year, according to economic analysts.

And it's not only a matter of dollars. How dependent do we want to become on foreign sources for the oil and gas we need?

Our aim should be to keep our dependence on imports within reasonable limits by concentrating on the development of additional energy sources here at home, where we know they will not fail us.

SAVING MORE BY USING LESS

Over a period of time, it should be possible for the United States to conserve energy. More efficient automobile engines, improved thermal conversion and power transmission, better construction techniques, new concepts in mass transportation—all these can play a part.

Meantime, as individuals, each of us should make sure that we and our families use energy as thoughtfully and responsibly as possible.

By using all our energy supplies wisely—in our homes and in driving our cars—through proper insulation, storm doors and windows, weather stripping, wise appliance use, regular auto tune-ups, good driving practices—we might be able to slow the growth in energy demand.

But this alone will not solve the problem.

HOW TO GET MORE OIL AND NATURAL GAS

Above all, we must increase domestic supplies of oil and natural gas. And we'll have to build new refineries and other facilities to make them into useable products.

We must do so with proper regard for the environment. The continuing technological advances of the petroleum industry make this possible.

Accelerated government leasing of public lands, both inland and offshore, for exploratory drilling is urgently needed.

Exploration for natural gas should be encouraged. It has been discouraged by the artificially low prices that have been imposed by the Federal Power Commission for the past 18 years.

A healthy economic climate should be provided to stimulate investment and help meet the huge capital requirements of the petroleum industry—an estimated \$175 billion or more during the period from 1970 to 1985.

THE REAL SHORTAGE IS TIME

The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make wise decisions about our energy supplies. Because of the long lead time required to develop new petroleum supplies, today's delays could haunt and plague us for at least the next 15 years.

Energy for America is not just an oil problem, nor a gas problem, nor a coal problem. It is all these and more, interlocking into a single problem that demands solution because it affects every citizen.

And you can help solve it. To help you stay informed, we've prepared a basic booklet, "The Energy Gap". Write to Dept. K, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copy.

With your understanding and help, America can head off energy shortages.

A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

Cutty Sark at Christmas.
Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. The only gift of its kind.

From Calcutta...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

To NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA

ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND, WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH IS RESTORED.

PARENTS CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNES TWO RUPEES A DAY (20¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (Hovel) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH, BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM HER PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND KEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a needy little boy or girl from the country of your choice, or you can let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, along with a personal history, and information about the project where your child receives help. Your child will write to you, and you will receive the original plus an English translation—direct from an overseas office.

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CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

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I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____.

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information

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Address _____

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State _____ Zip _____

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The Beautiful Gate

Sir / Many cover story topics this past year have been depressing, transitory or unappealing. But with the story on American wine [Nov. 27], you struck oenological gold.

To me wine was always just wine, but the story was like a beautiful gate opening into a lovely vineyard.

JOHN J. PASSANISI
Hyde Park, Mass.

Sir / Your headline about "American Wine..." is most misleading. It turned out to be a grand plug for California wine, not the wines of America, or even the U.S. In your rapture about the California product you make only a passing reference to the wines of New York. Also, why the omission of Ohio?

J.K. LIPPERT
Norwalk, Conn.

Sir / My compliments on TIME's story on wine in the U.S.; it is beneficial to the entire industry—with the exception of Guild, America's third-largest vintner. You overlooked the only major winery owned and operated by its grower members—over 800 of them, with more grape acreage under their control than any other single producer. You also overlooked the fact that our Winemaster's Pinot Noir won the coveted Grand Prize for the most outstanding wine at the 1971 Los Angeles County Fair.

ROBERT M. IVIE
President
Guild Wineries and Distilleries
San Francisco

Sir / It was an impressive story, all right, and the wine people out here ought to be happy about it. But how and why did you omit the name of the one Californian who knows more about wine than anybody else in the world, who was and is responsible for the high quality of wine in America, and to whom people come to study from all other continents? I am speaking of course of Maynard Amerine of the University of California at Davis.

One does not mind that a couple of the best vineyards were overlooked, but one wonders how Amerine, of all people, could possibly be omitted.

BURGESS MEREDITH
Malibu, Calif.

Shenanigans in the Navy

Sir / Apropos the shenanigans aboard the U.S.S. *Constellation* [Nov. 27], no matter how overlooked by blinded authority, beset by an inferiority complex or what have you, the actions of the men constituted mutiny—keelhaul the lot!

DODA DOLGAS
Laguna Hills, Calif.

Sir / Admiral Zumwalt says this is not a permissive Navy. He also publicly puts the blast on other senior admirals for not being nice enough to the malcontents.

That rattling noise you just heard was John Paul Jones turning over in his crypt at the Naval Academy.

D.V. GALLERY
Rear Admiral (ret.), U.S.N.
Oakton, Va.

Sir / Are we to make another General Billy Mitchell of Admiral Zumwalt? The admirals who oppose him are the same as the ones who wept when Mitchell's planes

dropped dummy bombs on their battle wagons, the same as the ones who lined up the battle wagons at Pearl Harbor to scare the Japanese. They have always been guided by rigid stupidity. I don't believe the conflict is basically racial. It was the same in World War II with no blacks. If officers treat men justly and fairly, the men will respect them and carry out orders.

MERLE MARTIN
Wooster, Ohio

Sir / Constructive progress is not without its rocks and shoals. But led by one of our country's greatest men, Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, the Navy will become a professional, people-oriented, proud, self-motivated and self-disciplined outfit in which equal opportunity is accepted as a matter of principle and human values rather than as another program dictated by statute.

JOHN A. SCOTT
Rear Admiral, U.S.N.
Dayton

Irate Indians

Sir / Your story on the Indians seizing the Bureau of Indian Affairs [Nov. 27] raises some questions for us. We are among the majority of Indians who hold jobs and try to earn a living like other productive members of this great American society. How come we never make the headlines? How come we are not "pacified" with "expense money"? Someone must be crazy or have an awful lot to hide when these idiots are paid for destruction. We are trying to do something constructive with our lives and to teach our Indian children to buy the American way of life. We are one irate American Indian family.

MR. & MRS. WILLIAM J. GIAGO
Vermillion, S. Dak.

Sir / Although I do not condone the destruction of property and the violence of the Indian protest perpetrated at the BIA offices in Washington, I was thoroughly outraged by the condescending, one-sided tone of the TIME article.

The giving of medals and the signing of treaties were made meaningless by the U.S. Government time after time as it became expedient to break treaties so that the white man could have his Western frontier uninhabited and free for the taking.

YVONNE M. PAWELEK
Renton, Wash.

Sir / Shame on the paleface bureaucrats for their ignominious defeat by marauding redskins at the BIA. The last defeat of the palefaces by the redskins took place in 1876 at the Battle of Little Big Horn, but there Custer made a gallant last stand.

RICHARDSON D. BENTON
Chester, N.H.

Segregation on Campus

Sir / Re your article on "voluntary segregation" [Nov. 27]: For some time now black Americans have been legally guaranteed "equal opportunity" for education, but liberals are apparently bothered by the fact that many have not chosen to take advantage of this opportunity.

During my years as an undergraduate I've observed the rather blatant phenomenon that black and white college students still prefer to socialize separately. So where does the liberal go from here? Would he like to require that every black student room

Thinking about buying a 1973 car?

This free book can help you make the right choice.

We listen. And we know that selecting the right car can be a complicated business. And if you don't select the right engine or axle ratio, or tires, you could become an unhappy owner.

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It's the 1973 version of Car Buying Made Easier. (We had requests for nearly a million of the 1972 version.)

The first part is about cars in general: the different models, styles, engines, options.

And much more. As the cover shows.

The second part is all about 1973 Fords, Mercurys and Lincolns: the specifications, features, even prices.

In other words, this book gives you facts which can help you become a smarter car buyer.

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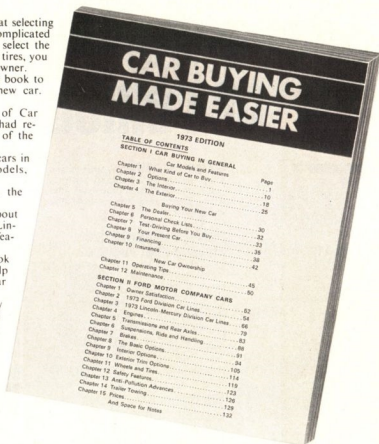


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10 questions to ask about electric heat before you build, buy or remodel.

How well accepted is electric heat?

Acceptance of electric heat is growing rapidly. This year alone, it will be installed in more than 800,000 homes in this country.

How many types of electric heat are there?

Over a dozen. Some of the most popular types are: baseboard, radiant ceiling, heat pump, furnace, boiler.

A. Electric baseboard.

Easily installed, takes up little space and blends into your room decor. Heating is by concealed electric elements, controlled by individual thermostats.

B. Radiant ceiling.

Electric elements are concealed in your ceilings. They provide radiant heat which, like sunshine, warms you from above. Permits individual temperature control in each room.

C. Heat pump. Provides both heating and cooling from a single unit. Can be equipped to clean the air and humidity, too. A highly efficient space conditioning system.

D. Electric furnace. A ducted system that circulates filtered warm air. Any time you choose you can combine it with a central air conditioner, humidifier and electrostatic air cleaner. Tucks away neatly in a closet, attic or almost any out-of-the-way place because it needs no flue or vent.

E. Electric boiler. A unit which hangs neatly on a wall, so compact that it can be located practically anywhere. It warms by heating and circulating water.

How much space does electric heat require?

Less than with other systems. Electric baseboard is inconspicuous. Radiant heat in ceilings is invisible. Electric boilers and electric furnaces are compact. In most cases, major components of a heat pump may be located outside the home.

What about insulation for electric heating?

Frame construction requires insulation rated at R-11 or greater in walls and R-19 or greater in ceilings. ("R" is a measurement factor for insulation). Additionally, double glazing (storm windows for instance), weatherstripping and tightly fitted doors make a world of difference. Of course insulation needs for other types of construction vary. But a home properly insulated for electric heat reduces consumption of energy during the air conditioning season as well and results in substantial economy and comfort all year round. An added benefit is that

insulation helps shield you from outside noise.

How much maintenance does electric heat need?

Some electric systems, such as radiant ceiling heat have no moving parts . . . so very little maintenance is required. Others need a bare minimum, for example ducted systems should have periodic filter changes.

How much does electric heat cost to install?

In a new home it often costs less than other systems. When it comes to remodeling, it depends on insulation requirements, type of system and other variables. In any case, you should discuss your situation with your electric utility company or heating contractor in order to get an estimate of installation costs.

How much does electric heat cost to operate?

It varies. In some parts of the country it costs less than other systems. In other parts, it costs the same or more. So we can't give you a figure here. Your electric utility can supply you with information.



Where can I get specific details for my home?

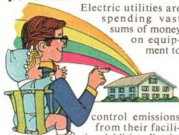
A good place to start is your electric utility.

They have specialists who know all about specific types of electric heat and can refer you to qualified contractors in your area who will suit your requirements best and most economically. You should speak to your electric utility before you decide to build or buy or remodel.



What is the electric utility industry doing about air pollution?

Electric utilities are spending vast sums of money on equipment to



control emissions from their facilities. Additionally,

the industry is sponsoring a substantial research effort to find better methods to reduce emissions.

Is there enough power for electric heat?

In some areas of the country, electric power reserves are not always what we would like them to be (a relatively temporary condition that is being corrected as fast as possible in ways that will minimize any adverse environmental impact). But in most areas, there is adequate electric power for home heating. Most electric utilities experience greatest demand in summer months because of air conditioning. Conversely, during winter, the electric supply for heat is ample. Before you make a decision, speak with your electric utility.

Free Booklet

Send for a free booklet entitled "How to use electric heat for all it's worth." It supplies money-saving information, suggests ways to use an electric heating system most efficiently and tells how electric heat relates to our environment and power supply.

Electric Energy Association
90 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016

Name _____

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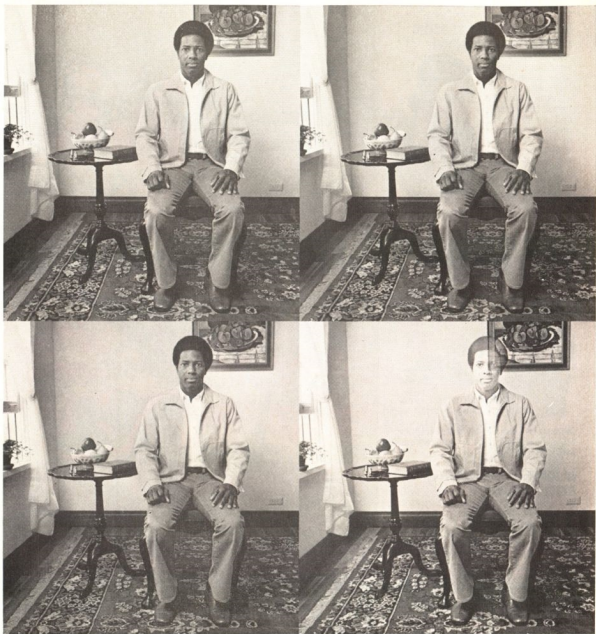
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How to use
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LETTERS

with a white, and that interracial roommates occupy every fifth dormitory space? Would he make it mandatory for a white student to spend every third date with a black? The good old American liberal just doesn't give up, and he won't be satisfied until all Americans live the way he thinks they should, like the things he says to look and think the thoughts he wants them to think.

CHRISTOPHER BIRD
Williamantic, Conn.

Sir / I was a white civil rights worker back in 1965 when Stokely Carmichael and all the other black leaders wanted integration. None of us could believe that it wasn't the only answer.

I spent time in jail while working in the South. I suffered personally debilitating injuries in a car accident when I was riding in a SNCC car being shot at by the K.K.K. A few years later I was not allowed inside an auditorium where Carmichael and others were speaking.

I do not blame the blacks one bit. When the young blacks were ready to "overcome," too few whites, even among college students, were ready to join them. Now I see that most white students are ready, but it's too late. We have no one to blame but ourselves.

MARIA GITIN
Madison, Wis.

Sir / After I read your article "The Two Societies," I had a mixed reaction. Having attended a college where the enrollment was predominantly white, I know well the feeling one gets when he is an object of curiosity, or when he is patronized excessively by some white students who feel he needs special help, or when he is subjected to outright hatred.

To advocate and practice separatism, black or white, is to sustain ignorance and fear. Whites still have much to learn about

blacks, but if we build walls around ourselves, we may expect the continuation of myths, fears and superstitions.

JEFF JEFFERSON
Asheville, N.C.

Sir / Perhaps TIME should not accept so readily what college administrators state. In your article "The Two Societies," Harvard was listed as having little separatism on campus. Not only is there a black theater group and a black choir here, but there are also black tables in the dining rooms. At least three-quarters of the 60 blacks who live in my dorm of 400 are in all-black roommate groups, and this is representative of all of the nonfreshman dormitories.

The article implied that this segregation was caused by a false view of the world among the black students and by their lack of preparedness for academic life. Most of the blacks here are not poor, and few are unprepared for college, but still the majority practices some kind of separatism.

LOUISE A. REID
Cambridge, Mass.

Man of the Year

Sir / For Man of the Year: the American prisoner of war. He has endured pain proving that he loves his country, and has spent years away from family and friends. Undoubtedly he also was dying to vote in '72.

RICHARD L. BOELINS
Annapolis, Md.

Sir / Who's to be Man of the Year? Nixon again? Most probably, but I'd rather cast my vote for Henry Kissinger, the skillful negotiator.

R.J. FABRI
Istanbul

Sir / Man of the Year without a doubt was Senator George McGovern who lost the election but prodded Richard Nixon to the brink of peace.

MARY ANN WALDO
St. Louis

Sir / I nominate Mao Tse-tung as the Man of the Year or, more fittingly, the man of the century. In less than 25 years he has restored the dignity and well-being of the Chinese people, who represent one-quarter of mankind.

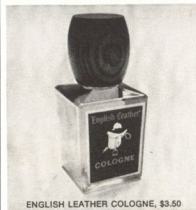
L.T. LEUNG
Los Angeles

Sir / I'm for Jonathan Livingston Seagull as Man of the Year—instead of the usual bird-brains that get the nomination.

ARTHUR GLOWKA
Stamford, Conn.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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They've all been developed and researched in much the same way that Sesame Street is. By many of the same people.

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And, so that as many kids as possible can get their hands on them, we've asked the makers to price them as low as they can. Books start at 25¢. Puppets at \$1. (Any money we make will go back into creating more Sesame Street and Electric Company programs.)

But this is just the start. In the coming year we'll be developing many more Sesame Street playthings.

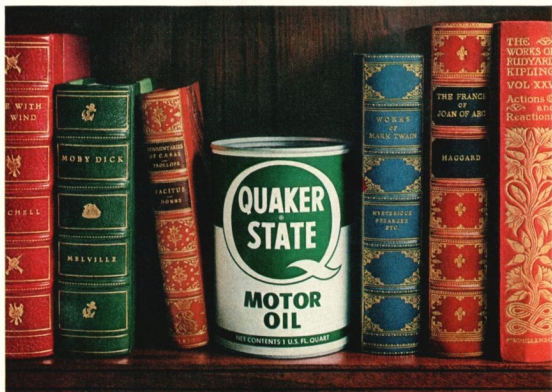
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Quaker State your car to keep it running young.



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Give Ballantine's Scotch, all wrapped up like the treasure it is.
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We're not telling you anything you don't know when we acknowledge that a controversy about smoking exists.

And since we're in the business of selling cigarettes, you obviously know where we stand.

If you don't smoke, we're not about to persuade you to start. But if you do, we'd like to persuade you to try a cigarette you'll like more than the one you're smoking now.

We mean Vantage, of course.

Vantage gives you flavor like a full-flavor cigarette. Without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

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We don't want you to misunderstand us. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy.

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We just don't see the point in putting out a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you won't smoke it.

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Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

AMERICAN NOTES

Z.P.G. Achieved

The Pill, considerations of environment, the cost of education and overall economic pressures have finally caught up with the wartime and postwar baby boom. According to newly released federal statistics, the birth rate in the U.S. has declined to a level of 2.08 children per family—or just below the 2.1 plateau needed to achieve zero population growth. That marks a precipitous decline from the palmy days of 1957, when the birth rate stood at a staggering 3.8 children per family.

Zero population growth is the ultimate goal of family-planning groups concerned with the implications of spiraling overpopulation. This marks the first time the U.S. has reached the optimum figure; given the dire Malthusian forecasts advanced by many scientists and sociologists, that is an encouraging sign. It does not mean, however, that population growth will level off significantly in the near future. Since there are now so many young child-producing families in U.S. society, the maintenance of the 2.1 figure really means that the population will level off at around 280 million in 2037.

You're in the Army Now... If It Suits You

TODAY'S ARMY WANTS TO JOIN YOU goes the pitch these days, as the military looks for new lures to pull young men into service. The trouble is (to the chagrin of ramrod recruiting sergeants from the old brown-boot Army), those breezy promises of salubrious duty have to be kept. Indeed, an astonishing precedent to that end has been set.

In 1969, Sergeant David Lee Klapp bought the blandishments of those hip, upbeat re-enlistment posters and, as they say in the service, took a burst of six. When he arrived in Germany last year, however, Klapp found the contemporary Army was nowhere near as new as it cracked itself up to be. Said he: "The old ways were still enforced in Germany. There was the caste system, harassing treatment by superiors, unnecessary and unfair rigid inspections and a soldier's loss of his constitutional rights."

That may sound like barracks griping, but Klapp, a Viet Nam veteran, was in dead earnest. He charged the Army with false advertising and claimed he had a right to quit. Understandably

miffed, the chain of command processed Klapp's papers as slowly as it well knows how. Yet Klapp persevered and won an honorable discharge, a full three years before his hitch was up.

Mom on the Payroll?

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has prepared a report that may please feminists but is hardly calculated to make the President happy. Titled "Work in America," the study delves into one of the problems Nixon faces in unraveling the snarled skein of welfare: Since Nixon favors some sort of "workfare" program for the able-bodied on the dole, at what point should welfare mothers be required to seek outside employment?

Anthropologist Elliot Liebow, a National Institute of Mental Health administrator and one of the report's authors, attacks the problem with a sharp semantic foil. Since raising children and maintaining a home is work, he argues, the Government should define it as such. Thus all mothers would meet any statutory requirements for work just by continuing to do what they are presently doing—and of course they would get paid for it.

Liebow insists that his proposal would not increase the number of mothers on welfare, currently put at 2.8 million. He cites recent detailed surveys

showing that while only 400,000 of those welfare mothers hold full- or part-time jobs, most non-working mothers would prefer to join the regular work force. Liebow's approach places the President in a quandary: How can he strike down a proposal that is so inimical to his own philosophy without seeming to suggest to hundreds of thousands of American mothers that housewifery is not a full-time job?

Patriot or Spy?

Benjamin Franklin a spy? The very idea seems ludicrous; one might as well posit that George Washington abandoned Long Island in a deliberate attempt to subvert the American Revolution. Yet in his new book, *Code Number 72/Ben Franklin: Patriot or Spy?*, Historian Cecil B. Curry raises the possibility that Franklin may not have been the wholly radiant patriot sanctified in school textbooks. Basing his case on what he describes as "previously unused papers of the British Secret Service," the author concludes that in the delicate negotiatory period of 1776-1785, when Franklin was ambassador to France, the supreme diplomat "may" indeed have been an enemy agent.

A professor of early American history and culture at the University of Florida and an established Franklin scholar, Curry previously published a sober, closely documented work, *Road to Revolution/Benjamin Franklin in England, 1765-1775*. In his latest book he presents accusations by Franklin's associates that, as an envoy, he was possessed of "cunning, invention and artifice."

Such, of course, is the stuff of which diplomats, almost by definition, are made. There is no evidence anywhere of disloyalty on Franklin's part, only a compendium of examples of guilt by association with agents before and during the Revolution. But as a contemporary analogy, Henry Kissinger has surely had to deal with the same sort of men in his quest for peace in Viet Nam. At worst, Franklin was perhaps guilty—as statesmen sometimes are—of using rather shabby means to achieve estimable ends.

Some guys need 6 months to say good-bye.



Today's Army wants to join you.

MODERN ARMY RECRUITING POSTER
Promises must be kept.



A LIGHT MOMENT DURING A BREAK IN VIET NAM PEACE TALKS IN THE PARIS SUBURB OF NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE

SIMONEPIETRI—RODOLFO GARRA

THE WAR

Pursuing the Still Elusive Terms of Peace

HENRY KISSINGER was back in Paris to meet Hanoi's Le Duc Tho for another in the seemingly interminable series of secret talks aimed at ending the war in Viet Nam. Lacking any formal announcements of either final agreement or impasse, newsmen concentrated on the omens—and they were ambiguous. As Kissinger emerged from one session, a nearly all-black cat jumped atop his Cadillac limousine. At another meeting in the private home of an American jeweler in fashionable Neuilly-sur-Seine, Kissinger pointed at the ceiling and said with a puckish smile: "When the light bulb starts blinking, it means we have to change the tape." As the North Vietnamese laughed, Kissinger assured them the room was not bugged.

The quip rather than the cat seemed to symbolize the state of the talks. In the general atmosphere of friendliness, definite progress was reported, and one high U.S. source estimated that there was only a 5% chance that the talks could break down. In fact, Hanoi seemed to be preparing its North Vietnamese listeners for an imminent cease-fire and some concessions to the enemy. "There is a time for us to advance," intoned Radio Hanoi, "but there is also a time for us to step backward temporarily, in order to advance more steadily later. Sometimes we must accept a certain agreement with the enemy...aimed at weakening the enemy's forces and strengthening ours." The U.S. State Department, too, apparently anticipates an early settlement; 100 Foreign Service officers have been told

to stand by to travel to South Viet Nam to serve, among other duties, as observers watching for truce violations at least until a more formal four-nation commission can take over the task.

For all that, there was no doubt that the going was difficult, as Tho and Kissinger met six times during the week. Some talkathons lasted five hours. The cable traffic from Kissinger to the White House was unusually heavy, suggesting that the tentative language of sections of a final agreement was being transmitted for presidential approval. It was evident throughout the week that Nixon was remaining in close touch with each negotiating development.

Ominous. The talks apparently concentrated on three crucial points: 1) finding a formula that would guarantee that the North Vietnamese would make at least a token withdrawal of forces from South Viet Nam after a cease-fire; 2) the question of whether political prisoners held by South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu's government must be released; 3) the powers and duties of the proposed National Council of Reconciliation that would supervise the postwar elections and a new political arrangement for governing South Viet Nam. Also debated were the problems involved in establishing cease-fires in Laos and Cambodia when fighting stops in Viet Nam, and the details of getting a proposed International Control Commission into operation to supervise the truce.

At stake in many of those details is the key question of how the Communists can be prevented from seizing

control of the new South Viet Nam government. U.S. intelligence sources report ominously that captured documents indicate that Hanoi is instructing many of its forces not to disband after the cease-fire but to reorganize as Viet Cong guerrilla-style units and continue terror and harassment tactics.

Thieu still remains a potential stumbling block. Radio Saigon warned that without Thieu's signature, "any peace accord concluded is just a piece of paper headed for the wastebasket." But American officials in Saigon were chiding the catchword "reality" as the reason they thought Thieu would buckle to the U.S. pressure for peace. Explained one: "Thieu must recognize the realities. He cannot expect to win in negotiations what he cannot win on the battlefield."

While the delay in pinning down a settlement meant that the bombing, fighting and dying were continuing, it was also working to Thieu's short-term advantage. His troops have had time to recapture—or simply destroy—many of the hamlets the Communists seized when an earlier cease-fire seemed imminent. The U.S. has also been able to rush in more military supplies than had been planned under the Vietnamization program. Thieu has also been assured by President Nixon that the U.S. will not let him fall because of any Communist violation of the cease-fire.

While a peace package once again seemed close at hand, its durability, as well as the political future of South Viet Nam, remained almost as tenuous as ever.

THE PRESIDENCY

The March of Nixon's Managers

ONCE again Richard Nixon climbed up the mountainside to Camp David to make more appointments that he hopes will give him a grip on the bureaucracy he means to control. More than ever before, the President reached into corporate structures to find suitable Republicans. Largely unknown, they have his trust because they have shown they can manage sizable operations quietly and efficiently. Last week's three Cabinet appointments:

FREDERICK B. DENT, 50, a Southern textile executive, will become Secretary of Commerce. A transplanted Yankee who graduated from Yale, Dent is nevertheless a regional favorite. He is president of Mayfair Mills, one of the smaller textile firms in South Carolina, and is a leader in the textile industry. He is a glutton for detail in his business. "He not only worked at the machines," says an assistant, "he got underneath the machines and counted teeth on the gears." Dent is a forthright spokesman for an industry that has been the recipient of special White House favors, namely the agreement the President worked out with Japan to limit textile sales to the U.S. Indeed, protectionist measures have also aided the oil, steel and sugar industries. But in other areas, the Administration is pressing for liberalized trade. Dent will have to go along, even though he comes from an industry noted for its support of trade barriers. Dent, who has a reputation for being open-minded, is also admired for perseverance: though he lost a leg because of cancer several years ago, he continues to swim and play tennis.

JAMES T. LYNN, 45, who replaces George Romney at Housing and Urban Development, has no experience in housing, but he may not need any. The scandal-ridden department faces severe budget cuts. As a White House staffer sardonically remarked: "We could rent out offices in the HUD building. Nothing is going to be going on there anyway." Lynn speaks of moving toward the goal of decent housing for every American family, but he is not likely to be allowed to go far in that direction. A Cleveland lawyer with big corporate clients, he asked for a job in the Nixon Administration in 1968 and was named General Counsel at Commerce, where he rose to Under Secretary. Though he is all business, he is noted for his sense of humor. On a visit to Moscow last summer, he got in the habit of talking to the electronic bug that he took for granted was in his hotel room. He would say, for example: "I sure wish they would put more strawberries and fewer peaches in my fruit basket tomorrow." They did as instructed.

CLAUDE S. BRINEGAR, 45, a California oilman, could turn out to be Nixon's most controversial Cabinet appoint-

ment. He takes over as Secretary of Transportation from John Volpe, who has been named Ambassador to Italy. While the Administration has supported the diversion to mass transit of funds earmarked for highway building, Nixon has chosen a man whose company, Union Oil Co. of California, stands foursquare against such a shift. In 1970 the firm spent \$20,000 to help defeat a California proposition that would have switched some gasoline-tax money to public transportation. Union Oil was also responsible for the notorious oil spill that blighted the beaches of Santa Barbara. Brinegar, who is president of the gasoline division of the company, claims to be neutral on the matter. "I



FREDERICK B. DENT FOR COMMERCE

am not an oilman," he insists, "I am a professional manager. Hopefully, I will be able to be very objective and view all sides." To bolster his hope, he cites his travel experiences: "I have flown a million miles on commercial airlines, and I have sat on the Harbor Freeway for an hour at a time in traffic jams."

At the second level, Nixon appointed William E. Simon Deputy Secretary of the Treasury. A senior partner in the Manhattan investment banking firm of Salomon Brothers, Simon, 45, is expected to assume most of the department's operational duties, since Secretary George Shultz will have to concentrate on his new job as overall economic coordinator. Last week Shultz was already immersed in talks aimed at simplifying the complex system of wage and price controls and turning it into a form of jawboning—with teeth. Edward L. Morgan, 34, will move from John Ehrlichman's Domestic Council to the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Enforcement, Tariff and Trade Affairs and Operations. Two other members of the Domestic Council also shifted: Egil Krogh Jr. was named Deputy Secretary of Transportation, and John C. Whitaker became Under Secretary of the Interior. These changes are part of the Nixon design to put trusted White

House loyalists in charge of the bureaucracy. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, an education professor at Harvard and a White House Counsellor for two years under Nixon, was originally slated to be the new U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. That did not work out, but now Moynihan will join the diplomatic corps as Ambassador to India, in the tradition of another Cambridge man, John Kenneth Galbraith, who served in the post under the Democrats.

Some Administration stars are on



JAMES T. LYNN FOR HUD



CLAUDE S. BRINEGAR FOR TRANSPORTATION

the wane. Closest to fading is Peter Peterson, the highly influential Secretary of Commerce who negotiated trade agreements with Russia and Poland. Peterson ran afoul of the protective White House staff for precisely the reasons that others admired him: he was dynamic and free-wheeling, and was in the process of building up an independent reputation out of key with the team consciousness in the White House. As an international-minded free trader, Peterson also clashed with John Connally, who speaks for economic nationalism. And in the last analysis, it is Connally, the skilled infighter, who has the President's ear. Peterson was offered the post of European economic and security coordinator, but he turned it down, largely for personal reasons. One of his sons is in a home for the mentally retarded in California, and Peterson did not want to get too far away from him.

Before he quits the Government, Peterson will travel and make some tape reports to the President, but his Washington base is gone.

Though Robert Finch, an old Nixon friend, leaves with the best wishes of the President, he cannot look back on his stay in Washington as a happy one. As a Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, he found the bureaucracy too much to manage. He joined the White House staff mainly to rest up until he could plunge into politics again as a candidate for the Senate or for Governor of California. Donald Rumsfeld, 40, also leaves under gloomier circumstances than those under which he arrived. Considered to be a young man on the make under Nixon, he has quit as director of the Cost of Living Council to become Ambassador to NATO, a job usually regarded as a steppingstone to retirement. One reason for his falling out with the President was his purported differences with Shultz. When Shultz asked him to give up his White House office for another in the Executive Office Building across the street, Rumsfeld replied: "I gave up a seat in Congress for a second-class job, but I'm not going to take a second-class office." He is expected to be eying Adlai Stevenson III's Illinois Senate seat.

Only Black. Despite the fact that he was confirmed as Attorney General only after a bitter fight over his role in the ITT scandal, Richard Kleindienst will stay on the job. A tough law-and-order man who has Barry Goldwater's backing, Kleindienst has not been in the post long enough to be rated accurately. Five key posts under him will be swept clean as part of the Nixon effort to have a forward-looking second term. Yale Law Professor Robert Bork, a critic of the Warren Court and a key man in developing Nixon's busing position, was named Solicitor General. The only woman and the only black to be appointed so far is Jewel Lafontant, a member of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations, who will become Deputy Solicitor General. White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler insists that she was chosen for the same reasons as others. "We will absolutely not appoint people for the purpose of tokenism," he said. "No one benefits from that."

Two other Cabinet secretaries will also stay on: Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton and Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz. Both of their departments, however, are getting a thorough housecleaning. National Park Service Director George Hartzog Jr. and four other top officials at Interior were dismissed. The names and titles of upper-echelon officials at Agriculture take up 20 pages in the Congressional Directory, as compared with twelve at State. The President wants to trim the number. In his determination to rule the bureaucracy, Nixon has turned to professional managers. Politicians and theorists have no place in the new Cabinet.

DEMOCRATS

A Blow for Moderation

For many Democrats, the big election did not take place on Nov. 7, when Richard Nixon faced George McGovern. They regarded the outcome as a foregone, forlorn conclusion. The dramatic confrontation came last week when Jean Westwood was challenged by Robert Strauss for the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee. At stake was not just a top party post but the shape the party will assume in the years ahead.

The battle lines had been sharply drawn. On one side were the McGovern sympathizers, who still commanded a nominal majority on the committee—far out of proportion to their strength in the party at large. In the early skirmishing, they stuck with Westwood. On the other side was a combination of moderates, conservatives, Southerners, labor members and even liberal Democrats who had been shoved aside by the McGovern drive. They wanted to reassemble the coalition that had been so shattered in the election. For many of them, the most appealing candidate was a moderate, Robert Strauss.

Fair. A Dallas lawyer, Strauss was regarded with suspicion by the McGovernites because he is a close friend of John Connally's and has helped out in Connally's campaigns. But Strauss also has ties to Texas liberals and has worked successfully with all factions—a necessity if the party is to be reunited. No one could fault his accomplishments as party treasurer from 1970 to 1972. With good-humored tact and often elegant evasiveness, he kept importuning creditors at bay and put the Democrats on a pay-as-you-go basis.

If chosen party chairman, said Strauss, he would be scrupulously fair. Though he had argued against many of the McGovern reforms, he pledged that he would not try to repeal them. A caucus of Democratic Governors voted to endorse him, but McGovernites held out. Westwood offered to step down if Strauss did the same so that a compromise candidate could be accepted. Strauss's backers said that they would be delighted to have Westwood resign—but beyond that, no deal.

On the first vote at the National Committee meeting in Washington, Westwood won. By 105 to 100, she beat back an effort to force her out of office. That victory allowed her to save face. She had not been purged, but she knew by then that her real support had crumbled. She offered her resignation. New candidates were nominated, and on the first ballot Strauss beat two other contenders with 106½ votes—4½ more than he needed.

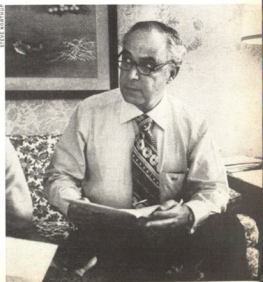
Another sign of the changing atmosphere in the party is the formation of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, a group of moderate and liberal Democrats who take issue with the New



OUTGOING CHAIRMAN JEAN WESTWOOD
Rebuilding the coalition.

Politics of McGovern. The coalition spokesman is Political Analyst Ben J. Wattenberg, whose book *The Real Majority* argues that the party must appeal to the middle-of-the-road American if it wants to win. Other members include such labor leaders as A. Philip Randolph, Louis Stulberg, Albert Shanker and Civil Rights Activist Bayard Rustin. There is also what Wattenberg calls a "Tiffany list" of intellectuals in America: Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Michael Novak, Seymour Lipset, Norman Podhoretz, among others. Writing in the December *Commentary*, Penn Kemble, executive director of the coalition, stated the coalition philosophy. "A majority party in the United States...faces a particular difficulty: that is of drawing together a variety of potentially hostile racial, economic, cultural, and regional elements into a more or less united front against the vast power of corporate conservatism." That is precisely the job Robert Strauss is preparing to tackle.

NEW CHAIRMAN ROBERT STRAUSS



Fiery Beginning of a Final Journey

It was like a scene from Dante's *Inferno*. An incredible belch of flames against the night, ominous clouds of steam and smoke, and finally a thunderous, earth-shaking roar that assailed the senses and numbed the minds of the 500,000 spectators gathered on nearby Florida beaches and highways. As the Apollo 17 Saturn rocket began to lift ponderously from Cape Kennedy's launch pad 39A, the entire sky was filled with an orange-pink glow, a false dawn against which gulls and pelicans wheeled and fluttered in aimless confusion. The awesome spectacle marked a fitting beginning to the mission of Apollo 17, which at week's end was ap-

seemed to come prematurely from the base of the rocket. The countdown clocks suddenly stopped only 30 seconds before the scheduled lift-off. To the disappointment of the throng at the cape and the millions more watching over television, Launch Control announced curtly: "We have had a cut-off." Never before during the Apollo program had a countdown been halted so close to blast-off time.

As NASA technicians frantically traced the source of the trouble, rumors swept the cape that there had been an explosion in the first stage of the rocket. Actually, NASA explained later, the early burst of flame had been a burn-

ple solution: on the subsequent countdown, they would feed a false signal into the computer, duping it into "thinking" that it had given the pressurization order and thus avoiding another automatic shutdown. Yet it was not until 2 hr. 40 min. after the scheduled launch time that the fiery lift-off took place. As Apollo rose above a pillar of hot white gas, even Gene Cernan, a veteran of Gemini 9 and Apollo 10, was impressed. "Let me tell you," he radioed, "this night launch is something to behold!"

"You're Go." Heading toward orbit round the earth, Apollo was visible to the naked eye for some six minutes. Spectators witnessed the first stage's orange jet turning blue-green just before shutdown, the ignition of the second stage and finally, like a bright star going out, the disappearance of the rocket. After two loops of the earth, the astronauts got the word they were waiting for: "Guys, you're go for TLI [translunar injection]." After firing their third-stage Saturn 4-B rocket and gaining additional velocity to make up time lost in the launch delay, the astronauts pulled out of orbit and began their three-day voyage to the moon.

From that point on, the mission seemed routine, marred only by the minor glitches that provide almost a relief from the boredom of space flight. For no apparent reason, the spacecraft's master alarm went off periodically, flashing a red warning light and giving off a high-pitched whine. Each time, after checking their instruments, the astronauts shut off the alarm.

With only minor worries to distract them, the astronauts were soon so relaxed that Houston had difficulties waking them on Saturday morning. After playing the University of Kansas fight song three times to arouse Alumnus Evans (who was assigned to receive the wake-up), Mission Control made seven verbal calls, used a buzzer once and finally sent a screeching signal through the spacecraft. That did it. "We're asleep," grouched Cernan. "That's the understatement of the year," replied Capcom in Houston.

Thoroughly refreshed, Apollo 17's crew made final preparations for heading into lunar orbit on Sunday and descending to the Taurus-Littrow site on Monday to begin man's most ambitious and potentially most rewarding expedition to the moon.



GUESTS IN CAPE KENNEDY'S VIP SECTION WATCH APOLLO 17'S FIERY LIFT-OFF. For the final voyage, a beginning that was mystical, almost religious.

proaching the moon, carrying Astronauts Gene Cernan, Jack Schmitt and Ron Evans on what may well be man's last visit to the lunar surface for decades to come.

Even before the launch, there seemed to be a mystical, almost religious quality to preparations for the last Apollo mission. As the astronauts were driven through the early-evening darkness from their crew quarters to the launch pad, their path was illuminated by a spotlight shining like a guiding star from a helicopter hovering overhead. At the site, the 36-story rocket gleamed starkly white, lit by searchlight beams that radiated from the pad, forming a crown of light. Nature added to the display: flashes of lightning glowed within distant clouds, and an occasional meteor streaked through the stars in the clear skies above the cape.

Shortly before Apollo 17 was to have been launched, many spectators were startled by a burst of flame that

off of excess fuel: the pumps had continued to run briefly after the shutdown. The real problem, it turned out, was a defect in the Terminal Countdown Sequencer, which supervises the complex operations in the last minutes before a launch.

At precisely T-minus-2 min. 47 sec., the computer should have ordered pressurization of the liquid oxygen tanks in the Saturn 5's third-stage booster. But because two tiny electrical contacts in the computer's miniaturized circuitry did not touch, the signal was not given. That failure was noticed by an alert launch controller, who immediately threw a manual switch that started the necessary procedure. The computer, programmed only to check its own automatic signals, assumed that pressurization had not begun and stopped the countdown at T-30 sec.

It took the launch controllers at Cape Kennedy only a short time to discover the failing and to work out a sim-

Roaring off into the nighttime Florida sky, Apollo 17 creates a false dawn over the inlets and flatlands of the Cape Kennedy area. The photograph was shot from a time plane flying 3,500 ft. above the Titusville airport and 15 miles from the launch pad.

(Overleaf) Riding on a pillar of flame, Apollo 17 clears launch tower moments after its delayed lift-off.





INDIANS

Drums on the Potomac

Until Nov. 2 most people outside the Bureau of Indian Affairs—including many of the Indians it was created to serve—took little notice of its operation. On that day, however, the bureau achieved national notoriety when 600 urban-oriented young Indians, who called their mission "the Trail of Broken Treaties," began a seven-day occupation of the building. They were protesting the bureau's inefficiency and its indifference to the pyramiding problems faced by Indians, especially in the cities. Uncertain how to handle the militants and anxious to minimize the pre-election publicity that accompanied their trashing of the building, the Administration bought its way out of the mess by giving the Indians \$66,650 in "travel expenses" to clear the area.

The Broken Treaties episode was merely the most publicized aspect of a genuine Indian uprising, which has driven the BIA into a shambles. While most Americans were settling down to Thanksgiving turkey, bands of Indians staged protests in Gallup, N.M., at Fort Robinson in Nebraska, and on *Mayflower II* in Massachusetts, where Indians scaled the rigging, hauled down the Union Jack and burned it on Plymouth Rock. Meanwhile the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco revealed a stunning decision, a ruling that the Government is obliged to perform the same services for urban Indians—nearly one-half of all American Indians—as it does for reservation dwellers. That decision, binding only in the West, where most Indians still live, could be the stimulus for a spate of demands by Indians across the country.

Bickering. At present the BIA is ill-equipped to handle such challenges. Apparently fed up with the bureau's internal bickering, Interior Secretary Rogers Morton last week fired Commissioner Louis Bruce, Deputy Commissioner John Crow and Harrison Loesch, Assistant Secretary for Public Land Management. As an interim measure, Morton named an assistant, Richard Bodman, to take command of the BIA.

LaDonna Harris, wife of Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris and herself part Comanche, believes the root of the BIA's problem is the Government's paternalistic attitude toward all Indians. Says she: "We are treated like children. We are not allowed to make our own mistakes." Further, she declares, "there are no goals in the bureau, no policy."

Nor, she might well add, is there a clear idea of its jurisdiction. Is it responsible only for Indians on the reservation, or also for the growing number of Indians who are trying to carve a career for themselves beyond its confines? Before the bureau can answer even that basic question, it will have to figure out how to streamline its own internal, paper-choked operation.



"Hijack a plane, you said...Go to Cuba, you said..."

MIAMI NEWS

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Testing Cuban Waters

After Russia, China and North Viet Nam, what Communist nation will be the next target of Richard Nixon's policy of *détente*? One obvious possibility is Cuba. Since the end of November, the U.S., represented by Swiss diplomats in Havana and Washington, has been negotiating with Cuba to reach an agreement on hijackers.

The talks are the first serious discussions between the U.S. and Cuba since relations between the two countries were severed in 1961. Last week the Swiss ambassadors to Havana and Washington, Silvio Masnata and Felix Schnyder, met with Secretary of State William Rogers to deliver their personal progress reports. Said the normally cautious Schnyder: "I think there is a measure of mutual understanding very evident in this situation." Many Latin American diplomats and State Department officers are urging the White House to take advantage of the new atmosphere of cooperation and broaden the negotiations into other areas. So far, Nixon has resisted the notion, but a resolution of the hijacking problem alone would go a long way toward easing U.S.-Cuban relations.

The current discussions with Cuba were prompted by two separate skyjackings to Havana last month—four whites seized an Eastern Airlines jet out of Houston (TIME, Nov. 13) and three blacks captured a Southern Airways plane from Birmingham (TIME, Nov. 27). Both groups arrived in Cuba expecting a welcome mat for "revolutionaries" from the mainland. Instead, they were thrown into jail and the \$2,000,000 paid in ransom money by Southern Airways was confiscated as evidence for a future trial.

Worried that Cuba might be isolating itself from the rest of the interna-

tional community, Castro apparently decided some time ago to erase his country's image as a haven for air pirates. Many skyjacks, particularly those with non-ideological motives, have been taken into custody and presumably tried in recent years. As one Hungarian diplomat put it: "Castro is a revolutionary, but he is no friend to criminals."

Indeed, it was Castro who called for the current negotiations, in the process tweaking the U.S. with the fact that Americans had accepted as refugees any and all Cubans who stole planes to reach the mainland during the early 1960s, and continue to look the other way when Cuban refugees "borrow" Cuban boats.

Piracy. At Cuba's insistence, the agreement now being shaped covers both airplanes and ships. The U.S. has been pressing for extradition or "severe" local punishment of hijackers. Cuba has agreed to "severe" local punishment but has not spelled out its view on extradition; up to now, it has always rejected U.S. pleas for extradition. For its part, the U.S. has agreed to punish severely Cuban refugees who commit piracy at sea or in the air, and to help prevent exile groups from creating "incidents" with Cuba.

That intention was put to the test almost as soon as it was expressed. Last week the U.S. Coast Guard towed into Key West, Fla., a 24-ft. Cuban fishing boat that had apparently been hijacked by three young Cubans. By week's end the U.S. had agreed to return to Cuba both the boat and its crew of two fishermen, who had apparently been coerced into taking the boat to the States. The three Cuban refugees will probably be prosecuted, but not turned over to Cuban authorities if further investigation determines that the boat was hijacked.

In order to prove its good faith and to underscore its demand that illegal emigrants be punished, Cuba recently

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informed the U.S. that 3,400 Cubans have been processed for legal departure to the U.S. In response, Washington announced that the refugee airlift, which has brought 265,000 Cubans into the U.S., would be resumed this week. The airlift was halted last May when Cuba announced that there were no more Cubans eligible to make the trip.

It all added up to the beginnings of a thaw in relations between the two countries. Even if the thaw continues, both sides would have to concede a good deal more before diplomatic relations could be resumed. For openers, Nixon would most likely have to lift the U.S. ban on imports of Cuban sugar, and Castro would have to ease up on exporting subversion to other Latin American countries.

DISASTERS

Death at Midway

Because Chicago's Midway Airport sits smack in the middle of the city's southwest side, the residents of the neat one-story bungalows that crowd the area long ago learned how to read modulations in the engine noises of approaching aircraft. One afternoon last week, as they waited for their children to return home from school, the largely Polish, Lithuanian and Italian inhabitants of the Chicago Lawn area heard a sound they instantly mistrusted. Recalled Mrs. Pat Kjos: "I was in the basement, and I heard a plane go over. I just knew it was in trouble. It was much too loud. Then all of a sudden the whole house shook, and the electricity went. When I came up, I looked across the street and just saw black smoke."

Coming in to its first approach through fog, a United Air Lines two-engine Boeing 737, en route from Washington, D.C., to Omaha, suddenly revved its engines, tilted its nose high, then struck seven houses and crashed a

mile and a half short of Midway. Miraculously, the plane apparently killed only two of the residents, and missed a grammar school by one block. But 43 of the 61 people aboard the plane died, including all three members of the cockpit crew. It was the worst domestic airline crash in 1972. Among the victims were Congressman George Washington Collins, 47, a black who won a November victory in Chicago's racially mixed Seventh District, and Michele Clark, 29, a Washington-based CBS newscaster.

Also killed was Mrs. E. Howard Hunt, wife of a former White House consultant indicted in the bugging of the Watergate offices of the Democratic National Committee. Investigators found a purse containing \$10,000 in \$100 bills in the wreckage and were checking reports that she had been carrying the cash.

Grim holiday reminders lay all about the smoldering site. Before coming to a halt, the plane had careened into a vacant lot full of Christmas trees and decorations, scattering them in every direction. When bathed in the glare of the rescue searchlights, the huge upright red, white and blue tail section loomed above the disaster site like an eerie tombstone. One resident, Helen Pristave, had been in her kitchen baking holiday cookies when she heard the crash; Congressman Collins was on his way back to Chicago to coordinate a Christmas party for 10,000 children.

The cause of the disaster would probably not be known for weeks or months. One of the mysteries that remained was how 18 people survived the crash, some with no more than sprains or lacerations. Of the three stewardesses aboard, two who were sitting in the rear jump seats escaped without serious injury, but the one seated in the front was gravely injured. Apparently those toward the back had been protected because the aft section of the plane had held together. One American Airlines pilot on the scene commented, "This is

more steel left intact than I've seen at a crash scene." Already slowed for its approach, the plane may have hit the ground at a relatively flat angle.

Understandably, the crash spurred the residents of Chicago Lawn to new action to get Midway closed down. Once the world's busiest airport, Midway has only been taken out in the years since 1962, when O'Hare International Airport was opened. But O'Hare itself has become so crowded that just last month city officials won reluctant agreement from the airlines to shift more of Chicago's air-traffic load back to Midway. With houses nestled right up against its perimeter fences, Midway is considered one of the most potentially dangerous airports in the nation. When Mayor Richard Daley arrived at the site more than four hours after the crash, one irate resident grabbed his arm and implored, "Get this damned airport out of here and put it in the lake where it belongs."

CONGRESS

Cramming for Capitol Hill

At the end of the movie *The Candidate*, after Robert Redford has scored an unexpected victory in his campaign for the U.S. Senate, he breaks away from his cheering supporters to ask his Svengali-like manager plaintively: "What do we do now?" Similar uncertainty will plague most of the 69 men and women elected for the first time on Nov. 7 to the U.S. House of Representatives. To judge by past experience, their initial months in Washington will be taken up by the minute, time-consuming details of opening an office, learning the complex rules of parliamentary procedure and even finding the bathrooms, rather than in grappling with the real issues of lawmaking.

Four of the freshmen legislators will be luckier than their colleagues. At Harvard's Institute of Politics, Democratic Congresswomen Barbara Jordan of Texas and Yvonne Brathwaite Burke of California and Republican Congressmen William S. Cohen of Maine and Alan Steelman of Texas are completing an experimental four-week cram course on how Congress operates. The informal instructors range from such old pros as Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper and former House Speaker John McCormack to such Washington-wise Harvard academicians as Economist John Kenneth Galbraith and Professor James Q. Wilson. The experts are offering the quartet not only vital inside tips on how to run their offices but also the details of some of the major legislative issues they will face. The course's founder, Mark Talisman, 32, for ten years an assistant to Ohio Congressman Charles A. Vanik, spent one nonstop 4½-hr. class session on such not-so-trivial basics as where to turn in a proposed bill (in the "hopper" at the side of the Speaker's

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platform), who will assign it to a committee (the parliamentarian), who controls the parliamentarian (the Speaker) and what to do if both the parliamentarian and the Speaker refuse to help get it to the committee where it will have the best chance of passage (rewrite it so it can be sent to a more favorable committee). The congressional fledglings were advised to be careful in selecting their office space, since the wrong choice can add up to five miles a day in their walking routine. "If you end up in the far corner of the Longworth Office Building, you're dead," warned Talisman. He also helped Congresswoman Jordan go over the résumés of some 200 applicants for jobs on her staff; like many other first-term Representatives, she did not know most of the applicants or the people they cited as references.

Other sessions of the course dealt with such practicalities as how many round trips to their home districts legislators are allowed on their expense accounts (36), the most helpful source of information on about-to-be-voted-on bills (the weekly "whip package," which includes the next week's scheduled action, committee reports and copies of the bills, including short summaries of their contents), and how bills are numbered (consecutively, except for one each session introduced by Iowa Congressman H.R. Gross, which carries the number 144 since that number equals a gross).

Patsies. The fascinated freshmen were told how to find out what business is taking place on the floor (call the Democratic or Republican cloakroom, where a recording reports the latest developments) and what six bells and six flashing lights mean (an air raid). Talisman warned the group to beware of letters from other Congressmen that begin "Dear Colleague" and contain a request to co-sponsor a bill. "Some members become patsies for this," he advised. "Don't co-sponsor anything you aren't sure about." The class learned not to try to influence the military status of constituents (after such a request, the serviceman's file at the Pentagon is likely to be stamped with a big red "CI," signifying "congressional influence," which usually leads to the least desirable assignment, rather than to preferential treatment).

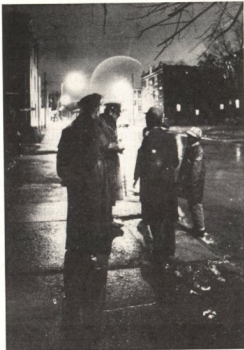
The policy topics included tax reform, congressional reform, defense spending and welfare proposals. Harvard Economist Otto Eckstein predicted that the toughest economic decisions ahead of the congressional freshmen will be when and how quickly to end wage and price controls and whether there must be a tax increase. Edward Lashman Jr., a former Assistant Secretary of HUD, explained how lobbyists operate. Most lobbyists, he said, know that "any Congressman whose vote can be bought with lunch isn't worth dealing with because he'll sell it to someone else for dinner."

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Walking the Beat

Police methodology has come a long way from the neighborhood foot patrolman. Today, reported criminal incidents in big cities are fed into computers, with whereabouts and crime patterns flashed on video screens and mobile tactical patrols dispatched by a communications network. But law-enforcement sophistication may have come full circle. A federally funded pilot program in St. Louis seems to be demonstrating that there is still no crime deterrent like the cop on the beat.

St. Louis abandoned foot patrolmen



ST. LOUIS PATROLMEN ON FOOT
Recreating the bond.

in all but downtown business areas some 15 years ago. Even so, explains Police Chief Eugene Camp, "every time I went to a community meeting, or spoke with businessmen, or talked with citizen groups, I always heard the same thing. Everyone asked for the policeman to return to his beat on foot." Finally, armed with funds from the new federal crime-fighting "Impact" grant, he decided to put the idea to the test. In a program he called Overtime Foot Patrol, Camp began last June to field 24 foot patrolmen during the week and 50 on weekends from a long list of volunteers anxious to work in their spare time; he deployed them in pairs in the city's high-crime areas, most of which are within a few miles of Gaslight Square. Each pair was given about three blocks to cover, with instructions to avoid predictable patterns and to keep as high a profile as possible. The program's main

concession to modern technology: each officer was issued a \$1,000 transistorized walkie-talkie radio to keep in touch with his partner and with the district station. "We do not expect our patrolmen to look for drugs or find murderers or prevent assaults in high-rise apartment buildings," explains Camp. "Rather we aim at heightened visibility of the police to reassure a scared public."

The foot patrolmen seem to be succeeding on both counts. Not only have they given the neighborhoods a tremendous boost in confidence, but they have also effectively deterred criminals and in several instances stopped crimes in progress. In the five months the program has been in effect, the crime rate has dropped 17% in the pilot areas. Foot patrolmen so far have interrupted a rape, prevented an enraged young man from shooting his girl friend, recovered a stolen automobile, stumbled upon the victim of a fatal shooting and apprehended numerous suspects for armed robbery and possession of drugs. In one typical week in November, they stopped 37 people for questioning, gave 21 parking tickets, checked 179 cars and 765 buildings and stopped to chat with 464 local businessmen.

Reaction both inside and outside the department has been overwhelmingly enthusiastic. Camp plans to triple the scope of the program in mid-January, and already has 800 volunteers waiting to participate. Says one man who is already involved, Sergeant William Conreux: "At first there was some apprehension that the public, especially in the black neighborhoods, would be hostile, but none of that has emerged. It's just the opposite. Some parents even yank their kids onto the street to introduce them to a real, live policeman." St. Louis police received fan letters from citizens lauding the program, and the restaurants and stores in the areas report increased business. One woman was so enthusiastic she telephoned the captain in charge of the program to say that she and her husband now take walks at night for the first time in years.

Obviously, patrolmen on foot cannot meet all the needs of modern law enforcement, but if nothing else, they may be able to recreate the bond that once existed between citizen and policeman, thereby making crime prevention a neighborhood responsibility. Reflects Chief Camp, "We won't really be able to evaluate the program for two or three more years, but we may just find that a mix of men in the car and on the beat is the best way to fight crime."



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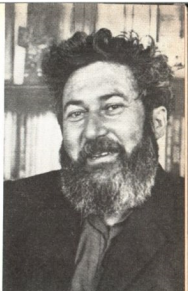
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CHALIDZE IN NEW YORK



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YAKIR BEFORE HIS ARREST

THE WORLD

SOVIET UNION

Crackdown on Dissent

EVEN as the U.S.S.R. reaches westward to conclude agreements on commerce and cooperation with the U.S. and Europe, the Kremlin has seemed increasingly anxious to prevent *détente* from penetrating Soviet borders. Since Richard Nixon's visit to Moscow last May, the screws have been clamped ever tighter on expressions of dissent in Russia. Now some Western observers think that the Soviets are poised on the brink of the most massive crackdown since Stalin's death.

The prime target of official ire is a ragged, typewritten newsletter called the *Chronicle of Current Events*. The organ of the loosely knit Democratic Movement in Russia, the *Chronicle* provides accurate and exhaustive news of the arrests and trials of dissidents that are not reported in the official press. In spite of frequent efforts by the KGB (secret police) to halt the *Chronicle's* widespread underground circulation, 27 issues have appeared regularly since publication began in 1968. The KGB recently stepped up its drive to stamp out the journal. Scores of suspects have been rounded up and interrogated in an effort to identify the *Chronicle's* anonymous editors, its nationwide network of correspondents and its typists, who laboriously copy the paper so that it may be passed on like a chain letter.

A key move in "Case No. 24," as the campaign against the *Chronicle* is called by the KGB, was the arrest of Historian Pyotr Yakir, 49 (TIME, July 3), for protesting Soviet violations of civil rights. The son of a Red Army general who was executed during the military

purges in 1937, Yakir spent his childhood and much of his adult life in prison. Before his rearrest last June, he told friends that he felt he no longer had the strength to resist torture. He is reportedly under brutal KGB pressure to denounce his associates, some of whom are suspected of being *Chronicle* editors. There are reports that the KGB has threatened Yakir with an extra year of imprisonment for every issue of the *Chronicle* that appears from now on. Moscow intellectuals worry that if Yakir succumbs to pressure, the government may stage show trials, with the historian as the principal defendant and witness.

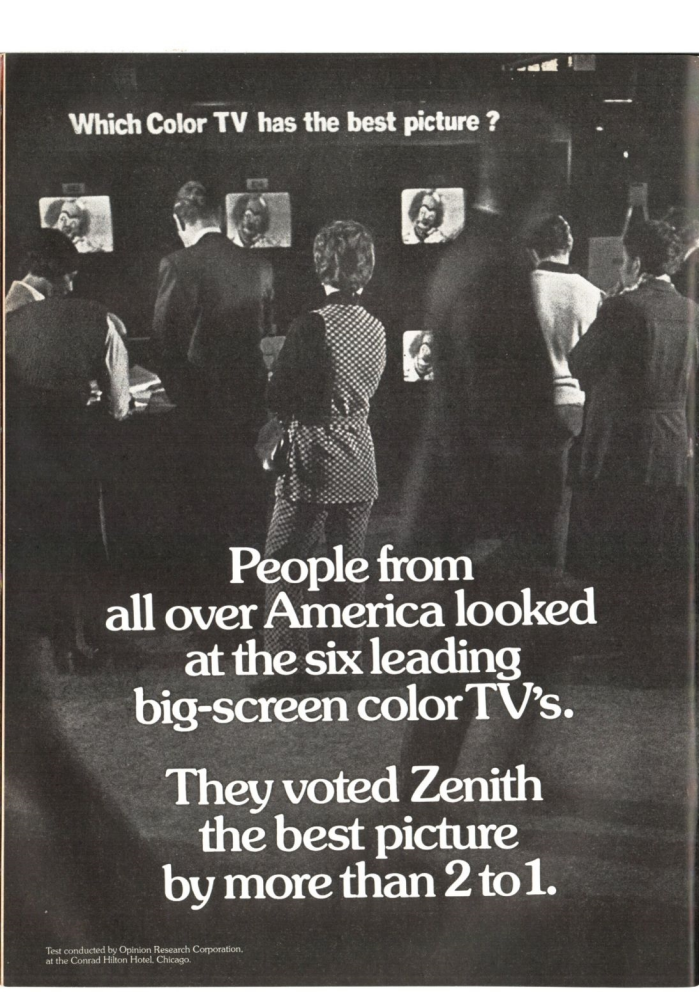
Ulcers. These fears have been reinforced by the chilling tale of Poet Yuri Galanskov, 33, who died on a prison operating table last month. According to accounts that recently reached the West, Galanskov, who suffered from bleeding ulcers, was not allowed to receive medical care after his imprisonment in 1967 for having edited an underground literary magazine. Instead, he was fed prison fare of salt fish and black bread, and was forced to work in a camp factory. When Galanskov developed a perforated ulcer, he was operated on by another inmate, a former army doctor who was not a qualified surgeon. Just before his operation, Galanskov managed to sneak a letter home saying: "They are doing everything to hasten my death." The treatment of Galanskov has aroused anxiety over the condition of other sick political prisoners, such as former Major General Pyotr Grigorenko, 66, a war invalid, and Writ-

er Vladimir Bukovsky, 30, who suffers from a lung disease.

Judging by the latest issue of the *Chronicle*, which was recently smuggled out to the West, repressive measures against dissidents are by no means confined to Moscow. From the Ukraine, where more than 100 intellectuals have been arrested since last January, the *Chronicle* reported the trial of eleven members of the Movement for Ukrainian National Rights, a moderate group devoted to Ukrainian civil rights. Charged with disseminating "anti-Soviet" propaganda, the defendants were sentenced to an average of ten years' hard labor and exile. Among those convicted was Danylo Shumuk, 58, who had previously spent 28 years in prisons and camps—in prewar Poland for being a Communist, under Nazi occupation for the same reason, and under the Soviet government for "Ukrainian nationalism." After his release in 1967, Shumuk wrote his memoirs of prison life and apparently circulated the work of Yugoslav Writer Milovan Djilas (*The New Class*), for which he has been sentenced to an additional 15 years. His wife has also been arrested and his two-year-old son placed in an orphanage.

From the remote Buryat Autonomous Republic, the *Chronicle* reports the arrest of five Buddhist scholars charged with organizing a Buddhist religious group that was alleged, most improbably, to have Zionist ties. The paper also provided fresh details of the widespread riots in Lithuania last May (TIME, July 31). From Leningrad, the *Chronicle* identified secret police personnel of a prison psychiatric hospital where warders inject political prisoners with dangerous drugs.

All these measures may ultimately test how much the West—and the U.S. Congress in particular—will tolerate for



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Opinion Research purchased six new color television sets directly from retail stores. All sets were 25-inch (diagonal measurement) solid-state, full-featured models representing the six largest-selling brands in the United States.

The test was set up in the lobby of America's largest hotel, the Conrad Hilton in Chicago, to reach people from all over the country.

All six sets were masked so they couldn't be identified. Only the pictures were visible. Each picture had a number above it. Viewers were

asked to vote, by number, for the best picture. At the end of each day of voting, the sets were rotated to new positions. Different independent TV servicemen, selected by Opinion Research, were brought in each day to readjust the sets after they were rotated. These servicemen, who monitored the performance of all sets

Which color TV has the best picture?	
Zenith	50.1%
2nd best brand	21.1%
3rd best brand	8.8%
4th best brand	8.5%
5th best brand	5.8%
6th best brand	5.7%
Percent of Ballots	

continually, had authority to replace components or make any alteration necessary to maintain all sets at peak performance.

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THE WORLD

the sake of trade and better relations with the Soviet Union, Soviet treatment of Jews has already put most-favored-nation status for the U.S.S.R. in jeopardy in Congress (TIME, Sept. 25). Two weeks ago, Hubert Humphrey warned Premier Aleksei Kosygin and other officials in Moscow that congressional concern for the plight of Soviet Jews remains a serious obstacle to the conclusion of multibillion-dollar trade deals with Russia. Mass trials of dissidents like Yakir, who happens to be Jewish, are likely to provoke Congress further.

In what may have been a canny move by the Kremlin to quiet unfavorable American opinion, a leader of the Russian Democratic Movement was allowed to tour U.S. universities this month. He is Physicist Valery Chalidze, 34, who called for amnesty for all So-

viet political prisoners in a speech at Washington's Georgetown University last week. Other leading Russian intellectuals and artists, including Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich and Physicist Andrei Sakharov, have made similar appeals. Determined to return to Russia, where he is regarded by the KGB as a dangerous troublemaker, Chalidze told TIME: "Even if the Soviet authorities will only let people out for purposes of propaganda, it is still a victory in the struggle for human rights. Let them send Grigorenko and Bukovsky out for propaganda too." Chalidze's friends in Moscow worry that the Soviets will not let him re-enter the country, or will arrest him if they do. Under the present grim conditions, there is a diminishing chance that the *Chronicle* will survive to report Chalidze's fate.

CHILE

Allende on the Road

When a politician is in trouble at home, he often tries his luck abroad. Thus, two weeks ago Chile's beleaguered President Salvador Allende Gossens embarked on a five-nation tour that took him to Mexico, the U.S., Algeria, the Soviet Union and Cuba. Allende's first trip outside Chile since he was elected President in 1970 had another purpose besides bolstering his prestige at home, which has been eroded by political and economic strife: he was seeking the credits needed to shore up a sagging economy.

The rhetorical tone of the trip was set during Allende's stop in Mexico, where he was greeted by wildly enthusiastic crowds. "Yesterday in Mexico, today in Chile," the Marxist President told a special session of the Mexican Congress. "The bastard interests of the capitalists have tried to prevent us from being masters of our own destiny." Allende left little doubt that he was referring to the U.S., which he believes is trying to sabotage his government.

Mild. He repeated the message during a one-day visit to the U.N., where he charged that ITT and Kennecott Copper Corp., two U.S.-controlled companies whose assets in Chile were expropriated by his government, "had driven their tentacles deep into my country, and even proposed to manage our political life." Allende claimed to have a document proving that ITT had specific plans for "strangling the economy, diplomatic sabotage, sowing panic among the population and fomenting social disorder. That is what we call imperialist intervention."

Considering the vitriolic nature of the charges, the U.S. response was unusually mild. George Bush, the American Ambassador to the U.N., merely remarked at a press conference that "there is nothing in our system designed to exploit anyone." He also paid a call on Allende later at his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

But Allende was more concerned with his reception in Moscow—and with good reason. Only the Russians seemed willing, or able, to extend the financial aid needed to bail out the Chilean economy. As it turned out, Allende got somewhat less than he hoped for. At Moscow's Vnukovo Airport last week he was met by Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny and Premier Aleksei Kosygin, who assured him that "you are not alone in your struggle." In subsequent talks, the Soviet leaders agreed to increase economic aid (currently running at about \$20 million a year), but they were not prepared to give Chile anywhere near the \$1.5 million a day in aid that is currently being funneled into Cuba. The reason is simple. Allende, who has strong opposition at home, is considered a far less secure Latin American socialist than is Fidel Castro.



ATTACKER DRAWS BOLO

RUSHES IMELDA MARCOS

SLASHES AT HER

IS HELD BACK

IMELDA LIES WOUNDED

ATTACKER LIES DEAD

Live and in Color, Another Would-Be Assassin

ASSASSINATION attempts used to be acts of stealth, committed with as few witnesses as possible. But ubiquitous television cameras have helped to change all that. Last week, in a chilling echo of the attacks on George Wallace and Lee Harvey Oswald, a slim, thirtyish man in a dark suit tried to stab to death the beautiful, popular wife of Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos, and millions of people watched it live and in color or in replays. Television crews, assigned to cover Imelda Romualdez Marcos, 43, as she presented awards in a national beautification and cleanliness campaign, caught the entire action.

Imelda Marcos, a onetime beauty queen, saw the man lunging toward her with a foot-long bolo that he had pulled from his sleeve. She and others on the presentation platform, in a park near the Manila International Airport, grappled with the assailant. Mrs. Marcos was slashed on her arms and hands when

she tried to ward off the blows; some tendons were damaged, and the wounds required more than 75 stitches. Several other people were also injured. Although Mrs. Marcos was reported in "safe" condition at week's end after being flown by helicopter to a hospital, President Richard Nixon dispatched a surgeon from California to assist local doctors.

During the scuffle, the attacker was shot in the back twice by a guard and killed. Filipino officials could not immediately identify him. Nonetheless, they tried to link him with a right-wing conspiracy that was purportedly aimed at killing both the First Lady and the President, who proclaimed martial law last September. Marcos, who was not with his wife at the awards ceremony, said later: "When we undertook our program of reform, we knew we would have to pay a price. I cannot forgive myself that it had to be she who had to pay such a price."

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ARGENTINA

Tarnished Image

Juan Perón, home in Buenos Aires after 17 years in exile, was playing the game of elder statesman to the hilt. For a time last week it appeared that he had convinced many of Argentina's major political parties to join with him in forging an unbeatable coalition for the general elections next March. But the coalition came apart almost as quickly as it had been formed, and there were rumblings of even more difficult times to come for *el Líder*. As one diplomatic observer put it: "Perón thought he could absorb Argentina; instead, Argentina has absorbed Perón."

While Perón was plotting political stratagems at his lavish Buenos Aires residence, more than 1,000 of his supporters were roaming the streets last week in defiance of a government ban on demonstrations. They gathered in an impoverished town with the unlikely name of William Morris* to lay a wreath near the spot where two Peronist guerrillas were killed by police two years ago. Police attempts to break up the demonstration touched off a five-hour battle. One Peronist youth was killed by a tear-gas canister fired at pointblank range, and the melee was broken up only when army units moved in. Juan Abal Medina, a leader of Perón's Justicialist Party whose brother had been killed in the 1970 shootout, threatened more confrontations. "If the armed forces continue with their campaign of violence," he said, "they will lead Peronist youth to war."

Alejandro Lanusse, Argentina's mil-

itary strongman, who had been doing his best to ignore Perón, is now close to war with *el Líder's* rambunctious followers. Speaking to reporters in the city of Bahía Blanca last week, Lanusse denied that a Peronist youth leader had been jailed in the rioting, but he made it clear that he thought the young man should have been locked up. "Patience has a limit," he warned. "At any moment we can show that we do not carry weapons as ornaments." As for Perón: "That gentleman can do or try to do anything he wishes, except become President of the republic in the future."

Though his statesmanlike image was tarnished by the riots, Perón has kept his silence, saying only that "the important thing is to get into power, no matter whether it is with Juan or Pedro [meaning anyone]." But getting Juan, or whomever he names as successor, into power may now be more difficult than ever. Lanusse has refused to change his Aug. 25 residency deadline for presidential candidates. Moreover, a little-noticed clause in the government's declaration—stipulating that a presidential candidate must not have been out of the country for more than 15 days between Aug. 25 and the March elections—will rule out some top Peronist candidates. Many of them spent at least a month outside Argentina this year, conferring with Perón while he was in exile in Madrid.

A more serious problem for Perón is a fracturing within the Peronist movement itself. Two weeks ago two delegates were killed in a convention-floor gunfight during a Peronist meeting held in Santa Fe.

Perón may have decided not to run now anyway. At week's end he was preparing to fly off to several Latin American countries and Spain, where he plans to spend Christmas. He will return to Argentina, promised Top Aide Héctor Cámpora, "well before elections, if there are any." But he will be out of the country during the most critical days of negotiations, which will lead to the mandatory final announcement of presidential candidates on Dec. 21.

IRELAND

Shedding No Tears

One symbolic stumbling block to unification of Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic is Article 44 of the Republic's 1937 constitution. It recognizes "the special position of the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church as the guardian of the Faith professed by the great majority of the citizens."

The religious clauses of Article 44 have long been an embarrassment to both church and state. All three parties in the Irish Dáil (Parliament) have favored their repeal for the past five years. Ireland's Catholic primate, William Cardinal Conway, has declared repeatedly that he "would not shed a tear" to



EMON DE VALERA VOTING
Yes, by a landslide.

see them go. Two months ago, Prime Minister Jack Lynch cautiously decided to put the question to the Irish people in a referendum.

Bearing down hard on the theme of unification—"YES for a new Ireland,"—Lynch argued that a decisive yes vote would counter the "misrepresentations" being made in the North and in Britain as to the position and influence of the Catholic Church in the republic. The referendum took place last week at a time when public opinion was aroused against the illegal Irish Republican Army for extending its campaign of terrorism from Northern Ireland to the Republic (TIME, Dec. 11). The man who leads the I.R.A.'s militant Provisional wing, Sean MacStiofáin, whom the government apprehended and jailed two weeks ago, remained weak from a hunger strike, though he had begun to accept liquids. In the days before the referendum, the government refrained from taking further action against the I.R.A. leadership.

Despite the fact that Cardinal Conway and most of the church hierarchy supported the referendum, many Catholic priests and laymen feared that repeal would have a sort of moral domino effect, leading the country toward permissiveness and degeneracy. "Do the fathers and mothers of Ireland want to see their children reared in an Irish-type St. Pauli, Soho or Pigalle?" demanded Dublin Accountant Desmond Broadberry, father of 17 children and member of the committee to "Defend 44." (He was referring to the pleasure zones of Hamburg, London and Paris.) "We urge a massive yes to a new Ireland, but no to a Godless Ireland," wrote a group of Catholic students in a joint letter to the *Irish Times*. As it turned out, the referendum won by a landslide; the



PERÓN & FOLLOWERS IN BUENOS AIRES
Playing the elder statesman game.

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Irish electorate voted to repeal Article 44 by about 5 to 1. Among those voting was the Republic's father figure and President, Eamon de Valéra, now 90.

In Northern Ireland, the referendum attracted relatively little interest. To most Ulster Protestants, repealing Article 44 was a minor matter that left untouched the church's interest in preserving the tough laws on divorce, contraception and censorship of books and movies. Northerners were also preoccupied with another burst of the mindless violence that has taken 656 lives since 1969—including 445 in 1972 alone.

In what police described as "one of the most ghastly murders yet," the unclothed body of Patrick Benstead, a 32-year-old Catholic from Belfast's East End, was found dumped in an alleyway. He had been tied up, beaten, shot and branded with the letters "I.R.A." Within hours, in what police assumed was an act of reprisal, a middle-aged Protestant in the same district was shot through the head. Appalled at the rising wave of murders, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, William Whitelaw, set up a special army and police task force to track down these "psychopathic killers."

TERRORISM

Brief and Bloody

Ethiopian Airlines Flight 708 was 13 minutes out of Addis Ababa last week, en route to Asmara, Athens, Rome and Paris, when a grim, familiar sequence began. Five men and two women stood up in various sections of the Boeing 720-B jet's passenger section, pulled out guns and began shouting orders in Amharic. Their skyjacking attempt turned out to be brief, bloody and singularly unsuccessful. Ethiopian security men, who have been aboard all the airline's international flights with orders to shoot to kill, also jumped up and commenced firing. Six of the skyjackers were killed outright and the seventh died later in a hospital of wounds sustained in the shooting.

One of the group had been holding a hand grenade from which he had pulled the pin. As he fell, the grenade slipped from his hand. Passenger Roderick A. Hilsinger, a professor at Temple University in Philadelphia, snatched the grenade and lobbed it toward an unoccupied part of the cabin. The grenade exploded with a muffled roar, wounding Hilsinger and six others. The blast also damaged an inboard engine as well as the plane's rudder controls; as acrid smoke filled the cabin, the jet went into a dangerous dive.

The pilot finally regained control of his plane and flew it back to Addis Ababa's Haile Selassie I airport. There the skyjackers were linked with the Eritrean Liberation Front, which has long been fighting to free Ethiopia's northernmost province. In 1970 two other Er-



HERO RODERICK HILSINGER
He snatched the grenade.

itrean rebels attempted a similar skyjack. They were subdued by security men who neatly tucked towels on the seats behind the culprits and then slit their throats.

UGANDA

A Genuinely Black State

When he seized power nearly two years ago, General Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada was not openly hostile to Uganda's foreign residents. But lately he has been vowing to make his country "the first genuinely black African state," and it is now painfully clear what he means. If Big Daddy has his way, the only people allowed to live permanently in Uganda will be blacks.

Amin has already driven 26,000 Asians into exile. He has ordered the remaining 1,100 Asians, who are Ugandan citizens, to abandon their homes and businesses in the towns and become farmers in the bush country. He has decreed that national sports teams must be Africanized, which means, for example, that star Asian players will be dropped from the Uganda cricket team.

Amin has also announced that all "foreign-owned businesses," including 28 British-owned tea plantations, will be placed in the hands of black Ugandans. Last week he took over the country's only English-language daily, the *Uganda Argus*, partly because a majority of the shares were owned by Britons and Kenyans but also because its editors had had the temerity to print a story about a sugar shortage. The paper is now the *Voice of Uganda*.

Until now, Amin has been too busy getting rid of the Asians to pay much at-

tention to Uganda's small white population, which consists primarily of some 700 Americans, many of them missionaries, and a British community that has dwindled from 7,000 to 3,500 in the past two months. Recently Amin announced the expulsion of 55 of the country's 1,293 Catholic missionaries, as well as three clerics of other denominations. Amin claimed that they were mercenaries in disguise who had entered Uganda with firearms and military uniforms concealed beneath their priestly robes. Among these purported warrior-priests was a 92-year-old French missionary who came to Uganda 60 years ago, and the 80-year-old Italian-born former Archbishop of Kampala. When the present Archbishop, the Most Rev. Emmanuel Nsubuga, asked Amin to back up his charges, he produced a letter from a Ugandan living in Kenya that, Amin charged, implied that the Catholics were in league with "Zionist and South African imperialists." Big Daddy admonished the Archbishop: "You must pray to God for forgiveness."

On Dec. 18 Amin will address a mass meeting of Uganda's remaining British residents. After the British government recently canceled a \$24 million loan to Uganda and announced the phasing out of a technical-assistance program, Amin promised "very drastic" measures—perhaps a break in relations and the expulsion of Britons as "imperialists." He also boasted that the French government had promised to increase its aid to Uganda to offset much of what the British were taking away. In Paris, a spokesman for French President Georges Pompidou denied that any such promise had been made, adding that "France is approaching the question of aid to Uganda with the greatest caution."

LAOS

In Hanoi's Dark Shadow

For a while, the small town of Keng Kok in southern Laos seemed relatively safe from war. There was a fluid "front line" ten or 12 miles away, patrolled by troops of the North Vietnamese Army's 29th Regiment. They were reckoned to pose no threat to a town with only a market, a hospital and barely 5,000 inhabitants. In the early morning hours of Oct. 28, Keng Kok's immunity suddenly came to an explosive end. Two North Vietnamese companies, aided by local Pathet Lao allies, slipped into the town. Two missionaries trying to escape in their pickup truck were stopped at an NVA roadblock; they were eventually marched away to an unknown fate. When Royal Laotian Army troops managed to retake the town four days later, they found the charred bodies of two other missionaries, both of them women, tied to posts in their burned-out house. Nearby, the body of

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a young Lao who had evidently tried to help the women was found stretched out on the ground, shot through the chest.

Keng Kok was not a random, eleventh-hour casualty in a fading war. Shortly before the attack, Hanoi had ordered North Vietnamese units in Laos, and the pro-Communist Pathet Lao guerrillas who fight alongside them, to be ready, in the event of a quick cease-fire, to seize a number of towns and cities still in government hands. Evidently the 29th jumped the gun; the early cease-fire that Hanoi had been planning on did not materialize, and the actual strike order was never given. Even so, Laotians worry that when "peace" does officially come to Viet Nam their country may face another and more agonizing stage of the war.

Path to Peace. Of all Indochina's savaged battlegrounds, dream-like Laos should have the easiest path to peace. Unlike Viet Nam, the country is not riven by irreconcilable rivalry between northerners and southerners, between Catholics, Buddhists and Communists or even—in a country with the acreage of Britain and the population of Brooklyn—between the landed and the landless. "If we could speak as one Laotian to another," Interior Minister Pheng Phongsavan told TIME's Peter Simms in Vientiane last week, "we could solve our problems without any great difficulty." That has not been possible, Phongsavan complains, because "the Pathet Lao are always looking over their shoulders to get their instructions from Hanoi."

After two months of fitful negotiations in Vientiane, there has been scant progress in the talks between the Pathet Lao and the U.S.-backed but nominally "neutralist" government of Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma. Souvanna wants the pro-Communist rebels to join in the tripartite government that was set up by the Geneva accords of 1962. The Pathet Lao demand a two-thirds share in the government, and they have a large but unacknowledged North Vietnamese military presence to back their claim. What is fundamentally at issue is whether Laos will emerge as a reasonably independent buffer state that might help to bring some stability to Indochina, or as an out-and-out fiefdom of Hanoi.

The answer will not begin to be apparent until Henry Kissinger and the North Vietnamese negotiators in Paris finally agree on an overall Indochina peace plan (see THE NATION). Even so, reports Simms after extensive interviews with government and Pathet Lao leaders in Vientiane, the odds seemed heavily weighted in the direction of a North Vietnamese fiefdom. Government leaders, says Simms, seemed "completely despairing" about the possibility of being left with North Vietnamese forces still entrenched on Laotian soil. The Communists, by contrast, eagerly welcomed a cease-fire. The Pa-



thet Lao spokesman in Vientiane, Soth Pethrasy, said confidently, "We are the party of victory."

Despite lavish if clandestine American support of pro-government forces, the Communists today control roughly four-fifths of Laos' territory and one-third of its 2,800,000 people (see map). This has been achieved not by the feeble Pathet Lao but by the North Vietnamese, who have at least 65,000 soldiers in Laos—more proportionally than they have in South Viet Nam. Furnished with tanks, long-range Soviet-made 130-mm. guns and what Western observers describe as "some of the finest and most highly motivated infantry in the world" (see story, following page), Hanoi's forces in Laos are more than a match for the 80,000 Royal Laotian Army troops, Thai mercenaries and CIA-supported Meo tribesmen who oppose them.

No Lever. Experts agree that there is no road, airport, town or city in the country that the North Vietnamese could not capture and at least hold for a while. U.S. and Laotian officials worry that the Communists will try to make good on Pathet Lao claims of "victory" on the eve of a cease-fire, by seizing several important cities, perhaps even Vientiane or Luang Prabang, the seat of the country's constitutional monarch, King Savang Vatthana.

Hanoi has never admitted the presence of its forces in Laos, where they are barred under the terms of the 1962 accords. Souvanna worries that "we have no lever to force them out," and he has some understandable doubts that Hanoi would honor a new great-power agreement requiring the withdrawal of "all foreign" troops from the country. In 1962 only 40 North Vietnamese troops marched out of Laos through the

prescribed International Control Commission checkpoint—and 30 of them claimed that they had merely been building a house for Souvanna. Thousands of other NVA troops either slipped back to North Viet Nam in secret or stayed behind to help organize the Pathet Lao.

Souvanna told Simms that whatever happens, "we shall certainly survive." But time is not on his side. In dusty Vientiane, Simms found "no dearth of traffic, from expensive Mercedes, to ex-army Jeeps, to whole schools of motor scooters. It takes a little while to discover that something is not quite the same as in most cities. Then one gradually notices that the driver of the black Mercedes is a beautiful Laotian girl wearing the traditional skirt of glossy silk, heavily embroidered in gold, and that the driver in the Jeep behind her, wearing a pair of smart Levi's, is also a girl. Then one realizes that there are far more women drivers than one would normally see—except, that is, in a small country that is losing 500 to 600 soldiers a month, killed, wounded or missing in action."

A Soldier's Life

Laos was supposedly neutralized by the 1962 Geneva accords, but it is actually overrun by an antipode of Asian troops. U.S.-supported mercenaries from Thailand and opium-growing Meo tribesmen from the northern hills help out the Royal Laotian Army. China has something like 20,000 troops in the country; they build roads while keeping a jealous eye on the North Vietnamese. Since 1952 Hanoi has had troops in Laos, which it used to describe as "deserters" and "volunteers." Now that it has the biggest single army in the country—65,000 troops—it does not acknowledge them at all.

To find out what life is like in the NVA, Simms interviewed one of only 158 NVA soldiers who have been taken prisoner in Laos. His report:

Tran Van Dai, 18, lost an eye during his few brief months of fighting in Laos. A rice farmer's son, he was drafted out of a small North Vietnamese hamlet about two years ago, even though he was so frail that he was allowed to carry only 80 rounds of AK-47 ammunition, rather than the usual 200. After hurried training—eight weeks instead of the usual six months—he was marched south and told that he was going to fight in a "great war." Last April his unit crossed into Laos on Route 559—the Ho Chi Minh trail—and moved down the trail from one numbered station to another for nearly three months. Strangely enough, they never encountered any U.S. bombers, but they did come across a unit from Haiphong that had lost about half of its 600 men in an air attack.

On the trail, Dai was issued rice and dried salted meat daily, plus two pounds of sugar and a pint of milk every 45 days. The officers were regularly issued ginseng root, the ancient Oriental aphrodisiac and cure-all. On occasion, the troops would sell their clothing to buy chickens or a suckling pig.

By June Dai's unit began to move cross-country toward "Front 698" in south Laos, and life became tough. "We had nothing except 250 grams of rice and some salt. If we were lucky we found bamboo shoots and cooked them. There was no milk or sugar." Illness claimed 20% of the unit. Many of the wounded died en route to a field hospital, a seven- or eight-day stretcher trip. Surrounded, out of food and low on ammunition after hard fighting near Khong Sédong, Dai and some of his comrades surrendered.

Dai's gripes? Only officers were allowed to have radios. And then there were Dai's Laotian allies, the Pathet Lao. "All they wanted in life was a wristwatch, then a motor scooter and other luxury items," he complained. "They weren't serious. The ones I saw were just fooling about. All the old hands said that the NVA did all the fighting and the Pathet Lao just sat around."



LODGE WITH BUGGED EMBASSY PLAQUE

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Working Out the Bugs

Under an agreement signed in Washington last week, the U.S. and the Soviet Union will begin construction of new embassy facilities in Washington and Moscow. The 550 Russians in Washington, now spread out in five buildings in the capital, will occupy a new compound that includes a twelve-story office tower and residences, to be built on a 12½-acre tract some time in 1975. The 300 Americans attached to the U.S. embassy in Moscow will get a similar complex on a ten-acre plot in the center of the Soviet city.

Measured by the duration of the bargaining—it began in 1963—the embassy treaty was far tougher to negotiate than the wheat deal, or the Pepsi-Cola franchise or, for that matter, even SALT I and the nuclear test-ban treaty. It took six years merely to agree on the embassy sites. Then there was another four-year deadlock over the Americans' demand that they be allowed to "import" workers from the U.S. or some Western European country to add the plumbing, wiring and interior finishing to the structure, which would be built by the Russians. *Détente* or no, Washington wanted no repetition of its experience with the present nine-story chancellery on Moscow's Tchaikovsky Street. The local talent that "remodeled" the building for its new U.S. tenants in 1953 buried 40 electronic listening devices in the plaster walls. They remained undetected for twelve years.

The Football Warrior Returns

When it comes to staging military coups, Honduras' swarthy Army Commander General Oswaldo López Arellano, 53, has had plenty of on-the-job training. In 1963 he overthrew the liberal government of Dr. Ramón Villeda Morales in order to end what the gen-

eral described as "flagrant violations of the constitution." López's eight-year rule was notable mostly for the four-day "football war" with its neighbor El Salvador in 1969, a skirmish that started after Honduras claimed that its honor had been insulted during a soccer game between the two countries' national teams.

López stepped aside last year in favor of a hand-picked successor, Lawyer Ramón Ernesto Cruz, 69, who became the country's first popularly elected President in 40 years. Cruz proved to be an ineffectual leader. He allowed the shaky ruling coalition to fall apart, and he was unable to resuscitate the faltering economy—partly because he failed to restore trade relations with El Salvador or to take an ac-

tive role in the Central American Common Market.

Last week, López, who had stayed on as army chief after giving up the presidency, effortlessly restored himself to power. Nobody was hurt in the takeover; Cruz was simply sent home, where he announced that he had known the coup was coming all along. As Honduras' new President for "not less than five years," López must contend this week with a threatened peasants' hunger march on the capital of Tegucigalpa. After that, he is expected to seek a conciliatory meeting with El Salvador's President Arturo Armando Molina.

A Case of the Willies

Willy Brandt has had to break a campaign promise. Before his triumph at the polls last month, the West German Chancellor declared that he would personally travel to East Berlin before Christmas to sign the historic treaty that will establish normal relations between the two German states and in effect end the cold war in Germany (TIME, Nov. 20). Now Bonn has let it be known that when the treaty is signed on Dec. 21, the pens will be held not by Brandt and East German Premier Willi Stoph but by their state secretaries, Egon Bahr and Michael Kohl.

Why have deputies witness so important a document? The two sides could not agree on a signing date that was acceptable to both Brandt and Stoph. It also seemed that the Communist leaders were not eager to welcome Brandt in East Berlin; they probably feared a repetition of the embarrassingly enthusiastic chants of "Willy, Willy!" that greeted the architect of *Ostpolitik* on his trip to the East German town of Erfurt in 1970. In the wake of Brandt's re-election, his popularity in the East is at a peak—which is why the Stoph regime is not likely to let him visit the German Democratic Republic until next year, at the earliest.



**when it snows,
it pours**

CANADA AT ITS BEST



Canada at its best is a holiday wonderland. With Christmas trees by the millions. With reindeer. With enough snow for a hundred holiday seasons. And with all the good cheer that comes to you by way of Canadian Mist. This smooth, mellow, light Canadian is the perfect gift, to give or to get. Canadian Mist. Imported from the Northland.

IMPORTED CANADIAN MIST



OUT OF THE MAELSTROM: MARTHA & JOHN MITCHELL DINING IN MANHATTAN



JEAN PETERS ON MARRIED LIFE

PEOPLE

"I feel like Rip Van Winkle, as though I'd been sleeping for four years," said **Martha Mitchell**, after a photographer discovered the onetime oracle peacefully dining out in Manhattan with her husband, former Attorney General **John Mitchell**. Now that she is out of the political maelstrom, she uses the telephone to give instructions on the redecoration of her new Fifth Avenue apartment. "It's just madness, like starting in housekeeping again," she said. "Why, I never moved into an empty place before. I'm even out buying hardware, light switches, stuff like that. I don't have time for parties or anything: I'm too tired after working all day. Fixing an apartment is like having a baby."

Smile, **Allen Funt**, this is even more embarrassing than those scenes you used to show on *Candid Camera*. "It's almost a classic thing," said Funt. "You trust your accountant for years..." He did notice that the object of his confidence lived well: "He had an enormous wardrobe, paid his chauffeur over \$200 a week, had a \$60,000 bar mitzvah for his son." Then he heard a story about a man who was swindled by his accountant, and "that triggered something in my mind." After some Funt calls to banks, brokers and the police, Accountant Seymour Goldes was indicted on charges of stealing from his star client the grand sum of \$1,285,826. Said Funt, unsmiling: "The guy and I couldn't have been closer."

What was it like to be married to **Howard Hughes**? Well, said **Jean Peters**, who underwent that experience for 14 years but now wanted to talk to the press about her return to acting in a TV version of *Winesburg, Ohio*, there was a bit of spare time. She studied psychology at U.C.L.A., she tried "the whole range of arts and crafts," she did door-to-door political polling, and she read textbooks for taping the Braille Institute until "I couldn't stand the sound of my own voice any more." But what

was it *really* like to be married to Howard Hughes? "That," said Miss Peters, "was and shall remain a matter on which I will have no comment."

■ **Queen Elizabeth**, among other things, is patroness of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, so a number of her subjects found it shocking that **Princess Anne** went out fox hunting three times while visiting the Yorkshire digs of her new beau, Lieut. Mark Phillips of the 1st Queen's Dragoon Guards. Declared the League Against Cruel Sports: "Animal lovers are appalled that the princess appears to be able to do no better with her leisure time than to help beat the daylights out of foxes." From the RSPCA, one militant group demanded that the Queen "express regret" or resign from the organization. A palace spokesman was modestly regretful: "Most of the royal family do not go fox hunting. But this was bound to happen to Princess Anne as she has so many friends who ride and are in that circle. It seems that the temptation was too great."

■ "He's so good," declared Golf Sage **Sam Snead**, "he could try not to win and still back into it." The subject of Snead's admiration: **Jack Nicklaus**, who had just won the Walt Disney World Open golf tournament as though it were child's play—by nine strokes. Nicklaus' \$30,000 prize brought his 1972 golfing earnings to an alltime record for the sport: \$320,542. (His career total is a record—\$1,544,194.) "I hope to be better next year," said Nicklaus.

■ In the wilds of New Jersey, the limousine encountered a pride of lions, one of which promptly bit it in the tire. After the flat was fixed, the car rolled on,



JACK PAAR & WILDLIFE
"This one just bit."

bearing **John F. Kennedy Jr.**, 12, out for an excursion with a friend of the family, **Jack Paar**. The TV star, who wanted to film a wildlife scene for his forthcoming series, set up his cameras at a preserve called Jungle Habitat and began frolicking with two 80-lb. Siberian tiger cubs. "Hey!" he cried. "This one just bit me!" Cut. Exit Kennedy to his mother, Paar to a medical center for five stitches and a tetanus shot in the wrist.

■ Among the other business that afflicted *The Creation of the World and Other Business*, **Arthur Miller**'s first Broadway play in almost five years, was an Eve (**Barbara Harris**) who had no intention of being anyone's rib. During one confrontation not in Miller's script, Director **Harold Clurman** told his cast, "I'm going to give you a description, scene by scene, of how it all works." Replied Miss Harris: "If you tell me what I have to do, I won't do it." Said Clurman: "No actor has ever said that to me in 37 years in the theater." In due time, both quit, the play got panned, and Miller said of the three-month effort: "This is the worst I've had."

The End of the Great Adventure

To see life; to see the world; to eye-witness great events...to see strange things—machines, armies, multitudes, shadows in the jungle and on the moon; to see man's work—his paintings, towers and discoveries; to see things thousands of miles away; things hidden behind walls and within rooms, things dangerous to come to; the women that men love and many children; to see and to take pleasure in seeing; to see and be amazed; to see and be instructed. Thus to see, and to be shown, is now the will and new expectancy of half mankind.

QUOTED countless times through the years, the prospectus—written by Henry R. Luce in 1936—still best expresses the beat of LIFE. That beat will be stilled with the year-end special issue of Dec. 29. But its contribution to the history of journalism remains.

The announcement came after continuing losses—some \$30 million since 1969. In the face of soaring costs, why did LIFE continue to publish for four unprofitable years? At a valedictory staff meeting, Hedley Donovan, editor in chief of Time Inc., gave the reason: "We persevered as long as we could see any realistic prospects, within a reasonable time span, of a turn-around in LIFE's economy." Those prospects were extinguished this fall with melancholy prognoses for decreased circulation and advertising pages. These, coupled with postal-rate increases (amounting to 170% over five years) made the end inevitable. At the meeting, the last of LIFE's six managing editors, Ralph Graves, announced his assignment was to help place LIFE employees in other jobs. But he warned, "I won't pretend that any place else is going to be like what we shared together at LIFE."

Shared was the operative word. It applied to the LIFE staff, which was held together by an extraordinary *esprit de corps*, and it applied to the readers, who had a sense of common participation in human events that nothing else could provide—until the advent of TV. From the start, LIFE took hold of the imagination. Its editors could have been content to let it remain a national scrapbook, but at its heart there was an animal curiosity. As Photographer John Dominis said, "You worked closely with people, individual friends, for three or

four weeks, perhaps sometimes three or four months, on a story. They became almost like wartime buddies."

In the weekly battle journalists became something else—students of a new medium. Each week, as they came from their mailboxes or newsstands, Americans experienced the powerful after-effects of a new art called "photojournalism." After LIFE, the Sinclair Lewis mid-American territory of Main Street, insulated and uninformed, passed into fiction forever. Said a first-grade teacher in Cleveland last week: "I remember cutting out the photographs when I was a child and bringing them into school to my teachers. And as a teacher I brought LIFE into the classroom and had the children cut out photographs. It was a teaching tool."

Other national magazines, notably the *Saturday Evening Post*, provided entertainment and information, but LIFE brought the world home with an immediacy that made the head spin: close-ups of leaders like Hitler and Stalin, Gandhi and Churchill, men who would never again be remote; color plates of modern paintings; the adventures and explorations of science and faith. And, of course, a classic parade of the world's most beautiful women. Sometimes LIFE was criticized for the shock effect of its juxtapositions: the Sistine Chapel right up against a bosomy starlet, Arnold Toynbee alongside Milton Berle. But that was part of the captivating mixture —LIFE at its most lifelike.

In 1938, when the magazine showed a sequence entitled "The Birth of a Baby," LIFE was banned in 33 American cities. A year later, the world was not so easily disturbed. The holocaust in Europe screamed in the headlines and on the radio, but it was to LIFE that millions turned for the full report. There they saw pictures that seemed to enter the collective unconscious: Robert

The Beat of LIFE

Memorable Moments from 36 Years of Photojournalism:

Center: Rear view of Churchill sketching (Philippe Halsman, 1951)

Clockwise from upper left: V-J day in Times Square (Alfred Eisenstaedt, 1945); Franco's Guardia Civil

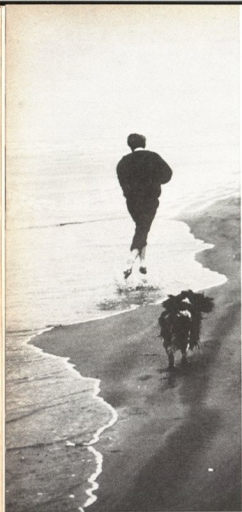
(W. Eugene Smith, 1951); Soldier's skull on destroyed tank (Ralph Morse, 1943); Pin-Up Queen Rita Hayworth

(Bob Landry, 1941); Marine casualties at battle of Hue (John Olson, 1968); Starving Biafran child

(Terence Spencer, 1970)

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN PHOTOGRAPHING AVA GARDNER (1954); MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE ATOP CHRYSLER BUILDING (1931); ALFRED EISENSTAEDT STRAIGHTENING NIXON'S TIE (1960); LARRY BURROWS IN SAIGON (1966)





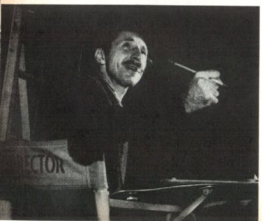


Clockwise from upper left:
Robert F. Kennedy running on
Oregon shore (Bill Eppridge, 1968);
Rhesus monkey (Hansel Meith,
1939); Eighteen-week-old fetus in
amniotic sac (Lennart Nilsson,
1965); Spanish Civil War soldier
falls (Robert Capa, 1937); South
African gold miners (Bourke-White,
1950); Franklin Delano Roosevelt
at Jackson Day dinner (Thomas D.
McAvoy, 1938); Gandhi at his
spinning wheel (Bourke-White,
1946); Christmas in Korea (David
Douglas Duncan, 1950); Fallen U.S.
soldiers on Buna (George Strock,
1943); General Douglas MacArthur
(Carl Mydans, 1950)





LIFE PHOTOGRAPHERS (FROM RIGHT): ELIOT ELISOFFON IN MINER'S GARB; GEORGE SILK IN DIVER'S OUTFIT (1963); GORDON PARKS WITH DIANE SINCLAIR (1954); CARL MYDANS IN SINGAPORE RICKSHA (1941); PHILIPPE HALSMAN SHOOTING SCENE FROM "PEEP SHOW" (1951); GJON MILLI IN DIRECTOR'S CHAIR (1945)



Capa's photograph of a bullet-stricken Spanish Civil War soldier, for example, was a contemporary Goya.

LIFE was the first publication during World War II to show a picture of American dead—a soul-searing photograph of three soldiers lying on the beach at Buna after the invasion. A quarter-century later, the magazine brought another war home: in its pages were the unlined faces of 217 of 242 Americans killed in Viet Nam during the single week of May 28-June 3, 1969. LIFE mourned its own: Capa, unscathed in Spain and in World War II, was killed in Viet Nam by a land mine; Paul Schutzer was shot during the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War; Larry Burrows was reported missing last year when his helicopter disappeared in Laos. "Though we did not plan LIFE as a war magazine," Luce had recalled ruefully, "it turned out that way."

Yet LIFE was celebrated for far more than its presence in battle zones. With enormous panache, its editors sent oversized crews to every capital and backwater of the world, searching for the Big Story. By 1953, only five expeditions had reached the massive summits of the Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa; LIFE Photographer Eliot Elisofon was one of them.

No man had ever set foot on the nine-mile-long island of floating ice at the North Pole—until an Air Force crew set down with standard equipment: rations, shelter and LIFE Photographer George Silk. To cover one papal ceremony, LIFE deployed nearly 100 staff members. For the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, LIFE's editors set a publishing record by rushing color coverage to its readers "only ten days after the event took place in London."

Budgets were large, readers and advertisers rapt, enthusiasm unbounded. Always the magazine echoed Joseph

Conrad's obsession, "Before all, to make you see." No event escaped notice; Eric Sevareid of CBS recalled too many times when he had gone for an "exclusive" only to find a LIFE journalist before him. Said he: "I've rarely worked or competed with a LIFE correspondent who wasn't first class at his job."

Yet LIFE's editors were never content with mere news. Early in the magazine's history, Alfred Eisenstaedt helped establish a new art form: the photo essay. Those essays are now acknowledged as masterpieces of their genre: W. Eugene Smith's study of life and death in a Spanish village, Gordon Parks' unflinching closeups of a slum family in Rio de Janeiro, Leonard Combs' portrait of the career girl.

Showplace. Nor was this enough. By the '50s, LIFE had grown big enough to tell a joke on itself: I'm a writer for LIFE. Really? I'm a photographer for the *Reader's Digest*. In truth, the magazine had been a showplace for fine writers for more than a decade. Now, it had a fan letter from the Papa of them all. "I'm very excited about the book and that it is coming out in LIFE," said the letter. "That makes me much happier than to have a Nobel Prize. To have you guys being so careful and good about it and so thoughtful is better than any kind of prize." Ernest Hemingway would wait two years for the Nobel: the guys made *The Old Man and the Sea* a part of literary history in LIFE's Sept. 1, 1952 issue.

Papa was preceded, and followed, by other men of letters, including Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, James Michener, Norman Mailer and James Dickey. Winston Churchill chose LIFE to publish his memoirs, and so did Harry S. Truman, the Duke of Windsor, Charles de Gaulle and Generals Dwight Eisenhower, Omar Bradley and Douglas MacArthur. It was with these mem-

Who expects George Dickel for the holidays?



The Chairman of the Board.
If he doesn't mind flagrant
apple-polishing.



Your Tax Man. He knows
you make enough to buy
Tennessee Sippin' Whisky.



You. Just in case
nobody else remembers.



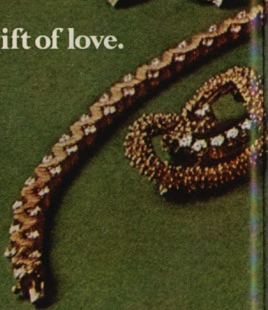
Your Hostess. Dickel "mellows
up" her parties because it's
mellowed through charcoal.

**The bourbon
drinker's
impossible
dream.**




Available in handsome gift
carton at no extra cost.

Diamonds make a Christmas gift of love.



Jewelry shown is not actual size.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. A diamond is for now.



Diamonds, the symbol of love,
and the most special of gifts.

The pieces you see here range in
price from about \$110 to \$1990,
and most of them are less than \$500.

Ask your jeweler to help you
select a diamond gift of love at just
the price you wish to pay. Many have
special Christmas offerings
for as little as \$100.

Give Windsor instead.

This holiday season give Windsor Canadian instead of your usual whisky gift. Windsor is the only Canadian made exclusively with Canadian grain, with water from glacier-fed springs, and aged in the dry mountain air of the Rockies.



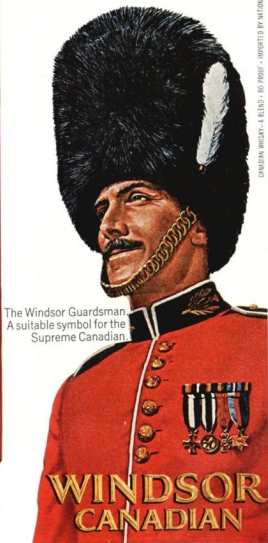
Surprise yourself at Christmas by making your favorite whisky drinks with Windsor instead of your usual domestic whisky. It makes a marvellous difference.



Give Windsor instead. It's Canada's smoothest whisky, and the price is very remarkable. Gift Wrap available in fifth, quart, half-gallon sizes.



**The smoothest
gift to come out
of Canada.**



The Windsor Guardsman
A suitable symbol for the
Supreme Canadian

**WINDSOR
CANADIAN**

THE PRESS

oirs that LIFE underlined its growing concern with the lessons of history.

At last week's farewell meeting, Andrew Heiskell, chairman of the board of Time Inc., told the staff: "I would like to just remind you of the things you can be proud of." His list included "the courage and talent of the photographers" as well as "a sales force that had the ability to sell 3½ billion dollars of advertising." Most significant perhaps it included LIFE's determination to bring art and science to the public. LIFE's *Picture History of Western Man* was once described by Francis Henry Taylor, late director of New York's Metropolitan Museum, as "the most brilliant synthesis of history that a modern publisher has ever undertaken."

Influence. The series, *The World We Live In*, explored space long before Alan Shepard, reached backward into prehistory for "The Earth Is Born," and sang of the earth's treasures in "Woods of Home" when ecology was an uncelebrated concept. A scrupulous series, the *World's Great Religions*, was praised by scores of religious leaders. These great series became the cornerstones of a major publishing phenomenon, TIME-LIFE Books. These continuing volumes now assure LIFE a measure of survival. In Hedley Donovan's phrase, "LIFE will go on in many ways and places, not least in its influence on the other magazines and books of Time Inc."

LIFE's final years were journalistically spectacular. One prime example: an investigative series on Abe Fortas resulted in his withdrawal from the Supreme Court. First and last, science enjoyed LIFE's most extensive and memorable coverage, from the birth of that controversial baby to Lennart Nilsson's incredible photography (1965) of a life before birth. Ironically it was scientific explorations that helped to close LIFE. For once a satellite flew, pictures could be swiftly bounced from one part of the world to another. Ten days to bring back the coronation in color? Ten nanoseconds for the next one, beamed to TV sets anywhere on earth.

The Kennedy funeral that welded a nation for a few indelible days, the hoopla of election campaigns, the miracle of a moon landing—all these events were given an instant presence that no



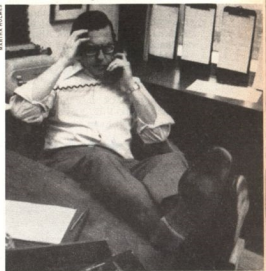
magazine could hope to duplicate. Yet, television is not quite photojournalism after all. There is something missing from even the finest TV coverage: perspective, among other things, but the subjects of that prescient phrase, the "shadows in the jungle and on the moon," linger on the page long after they have left the screen or the retina.

In recent years, television's competition for reader attention and the advertising dollar grew ever more formidable, and there was tough competition for magazines of more sharply defined audiences. *Look*, which appeared as a frank imitation two months after LIFE, shrank its biweekly circulation from 7,750,000 to 6,500,000, and concentrated on metropolitan areas. Nevertheless, it folded 14 months ago.

LIFE's problems were special. Its large page size meant high paper and postage expenses. Closing a picture magazine with heavy use of four-color engravings on a fast weekly schedule was especially expensive. In late 1970 LIFE changed its publishing strategy. Circulation was reduced from 8,500,000 to 5,500,000. At the same time the effective subscriber price per copy was raised by discouraging cut-rate subscription offers. To cut expenses the LIFE staff was substantially reduced.

Editorially, all sorts of ideas were considered for transforming LIFE into something else. But the example of the *Saturday Evening Post's* disastrous metamorphoses was too close. As Donovan put it last week, such transformations "in mid-flight" are nearly always impossible; still, "really exciting ideas for something that LIFE might have changed itself into may still be very exciting ideas for a new magazine."

In the ebb and flow of the marketplace, many new publications are doing very well, including Time Inc.'s three-month-old *MONEY*. Yet nothing will quite take the place of LIFE, and there will be an incalculable sense of loss when its last issue hits the stands. Last week Poet James Dickey echoed millions of Ameri-



LIFE BEGINS: HENRY R. LUCE (CENTER) WITH JOHN SHAW BILLINGS, FIRST MANAGING EDITOR (1936-44) AND DANIEL LONGWELL, SECOND MANAGING EDITOR (1944-46). BELOW: RALPH GRAVES, LIFE'S LAST MANAGING EDITOR

cans when he said, "I can't begin to calculate all the things I have learned from LIFE. I'm not quite the same person I was because of what I saw and read in its pages." *The New Yorker's* managing editor, William Shawn, mourned a personal loss: "LIFE invented a great new form of journalism. It contributed much to the American community that was valuable, often reaching moments of brilliance and beauty. It's extremely sad to see it go: LIFE was a triumph from beginning to end."

A comment Henry Luce made in the late 1930s in the first flush of LIFE's triumph may have been the most prophetic obituary. Longtime colleagues remember the founder gazing at his new success and musing: "The other magazines, like TIME and *FORTUNE*, are enduring; they have a permanence about them. LIFE might only last 20 years. It is based on new technology, paper technology, photographic technology. Every issue of LIFE is like bringing out a new show on Broadway." Even the long runs have to close some Saturday night.



LIFE MANAGING EDITORS EDWARD THOMPSON (1949-61) AND GEORGE HUNT (1961-69)

TIME's All-America Team: The Pros Pick 'Em

IN 1958, when TIME first asked the pro football scouts to pick the top college players at each position, the experts agreed that Billy Cannon, L.S.U.'s much-publicized All-America halfback was just about the best ball carrier around. Their other favorite runner, though, was a surprising star from a lesser-known school: Dick Bass of College of the Pacific. Both players fulfilled their promise by running off with all-pro honors. This year, as in the past, the scouts' choices include a number of Saturday's heroes chosen for All-America honors, as well as a few small college unknowns who figure to be pro superstars. The 1972 pick of the field:

OFFENSE

QUARTERBACK. Bert Jones, Louisiana State, 6 ft. 3 in., 205 lbs. In Baton Rouge they call Jones "the Rifle." "The

Howitzer" would be more appropriate; a classic dropback quarterback who sets up as quickly as Joe Namath, he has the strength to throw the long bomb and the accuracy to make it count. Pro scouts note admiringly that while leading the Southeastern Conference in passing this season, Jones gave up only seven interceptions in 199 attempts. Son of former Cleveland Brown Receiver "Dub" Jones, the Rifle is already so well versed in pro pass patterns ("He's been throwing to his dad since he was eight years old," says one scout) that some experts think he might be a starter in his first year in the pros. Other strong-armed quarterbacks who figure to be chosen in the early rounds of the draft are Gary Huff, Florida State, 6 ft. 1 in., 186 lbs., Joe Ferguson, Arkansas, 6 ft. 1 in., 182 lbs. and Don Strock, Virginia Tech, 6 ft. 5 in., 205 lbs.

RUNNING BACKS.

Otis Armstrong, Purdue, 5 ft. 11 in., 197 lbs., and Sam Cunningham, Southern Cal, 6 ft. 3 in., 212 lbs. A strong, blocky, breakaway runner, Armstrong averaged more than 120 yds. a game rushing for the mediocre Boilermakers

this season. He has, says one scout, the "quick eyes to see the field, pick a hole and go like hell." Cunningham is known as "Sam Bam" for his devastating blasts up the middle, and he is also an "exceptional blocker and capable pass catcher." Other running backs whom the scouts like include Chuck Foreman, 6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs., Miami, and consensus All-America Greg Pruitt, Oklahoma, 5 ft. 9 in., 176 lbs., who will probably be turned into a wide receiver and kick-return specialist.

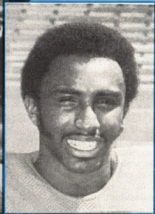
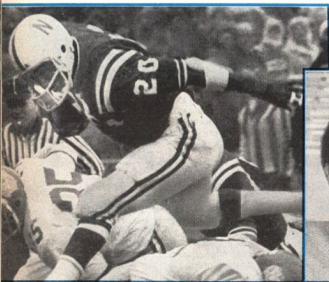
WIDE RECEIVERS. Johnny Rodgers, Nebraska, 5 ft. 10 in., 171 lbs., and Steve Holden, Arizona State, 6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs. Rodgers, the 1972 Heisman Trophy winner, has "all the moves"—and then some. Hummingbird-quick, he ranks among the nation's college leaders in receiving, scoring and punt returning. Though some scouts have reservations about his size and durability, most agree that "he will be dangerous wherever you play him." Holden "easily has the best hands in the country." His feet are not bad either; prized for his ability to run deceptive pass patterns, he also is a shifty punt returner. "He runs like a scared halfback," observes one scout approvingly.

TIGHT END. Charles Young, Southern Cal, 6 ft. 4 in., 228 lbs. Tabbed as "an aggressive receiver who catches anything near him," Young has the speed to run deep patterns and the size to be a bruising blocker on sweeps. "On a pro club that needs a tight end," says one scout, "Young could start the first game next season." Among other good prospects, the experts are particularly high on Billy Joe DuPree, Michigan State, 6 ft. 4 in., 216 lbs.

GUARDS. John Hannah, Alabama, 6 ft. 3½ in., 277 lbs., and Pete Adams, Southern Cal, 6 ft. 4 in., 258 lbs. Hannah, as befits a man who is a champion shot-put and discus thrower, flings a mean block. An immovable wall on pass protection, he pulls out on running plays and leads blockers downfield like a Mack truck in overdrive. In short, he is "an exploder." Adams figures to follow a long line of Trojan linemen—including Roy Yary of the Vikings, Bob Suihus of the Jets, and veteran Ron Mix—who have prospered in the pros. Though less spectacular than Hannah, he is just as effective. "You don't see much of him," reports one scout, "but the guy he's supposed to block is rarely left standing."

TACKLES. Paul Seymour, Michigan, 6 ft. 5 in., 250 lbs., and Jerry Sisemore, Texas, 6 ft. 4 in., 255 lbs. Like his brother Jim, the former Notre Dame receiver who is now with the Chicago Bears, Seymour has "quickness of feet" to

NEBRASKA'S RODGERS BREAKING LOOSE FOR A SCORE. CLOCKWISE FROM TOP, RODGERS, ALABAMA'S HANNAH, OKLAHOMA'S BRAHANEY, LOUISIANA STATE'S JONES



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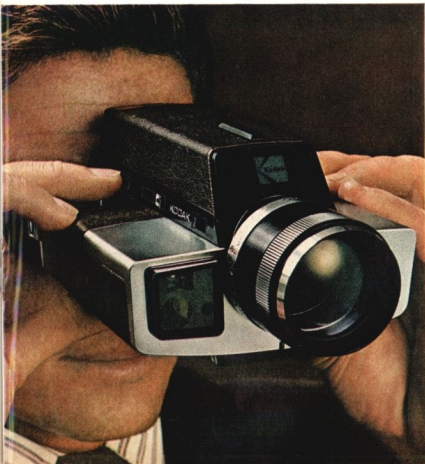
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SPORT

complement his size. A converted tight end, he adapted so well to the position of tackle this season that scouts praise him as "a real destroyer." Sisemore is equally quick, a crisp, crunching blocker with good mobility. "He is a beast," says one admiring expert, "a tough s.o.b. who hounds people—I mean he really gets after them."

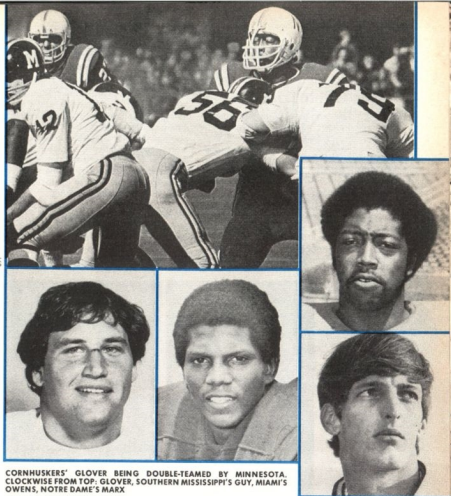
CENTER. Tom Brahaney, Oklahoma, 6 ft. 2 in., 231 lbs. By pro standards, college centers are generally so small that coaches are in the habit of plugging up the middle with a converted guard or tackle. Brahaney, the pivotal lineman in the Sooners' vaunted Wishbone-T attack, is an exception. More than proficient in the basic skills ("quick, great snapper, tremendous on pass protection"), he is a growing boy who, the scouts say, can easily pack on ten or more pounds between seasons. Given that extra beef, predicts one scout, "Brahaney will develop into a top-grade starter."

DEFENSE

ENDS. Wally Chambers, Eastern Kentucky, 6 ft. 5 in., 251 lbs., and John Matuszak, Tampa, 6 ft. 7 in., 275 lbs. Though players from these schools might ordinarily be classified as "sleepers," no pro scout worth his binoculars could possibly overlook this imposing pair. Chambers is rated as "a natural" who will "equalize his lack of college competition within the first two weeks of training camp." Reports one scout: "What can you say about a huge rough-neck who is fast enough to overhaul running backs downfield? He may be the first pick." Matuszak has been terrorizing opposing backs all season long. A punishing pass rusher, he is a "devastating force" who has "that special instinct for sensing where the play is going." Willie Harper, Nebraska, 6 ft. 3 in., 207 lbs., is also a prime prospect, but most scouts would recommend him as a linebacker rather than a defensive end.

TACKLES. Greg Marx, Notre Dame, 6 ft. 5 in., 235 lbs., and Dave Butz, Purdue, 6 ft. 7 in., 279 lbs. The Fighting Irish have long been a kind of front-four farm team for the pros (recent graduates include Walt Patulski of Buffalo, Mike McCoy of Green Bay, and Kevin Hardy of San Diego). Marx, though, is rated as "the best pass rusher to come out of South Bend in recent years." Beyond that, the scouts like his hustle, an "enthusiasm that makes him attack as though it were more than just a game." Butz possesses all the S's—"size, speed, strength and spirit." Exceptionally agile for a big man, he "pops through there before the pass blockers are set up."

LINEBACKERS. Steve Brown, Oregon State, 6 ft. 2 in., 225 lbs., Jim Youngblood, Tennessee Tech, 6 ft. 3 in., 235 lbs., and Rich Glover, Nebraska, 6 ft. 1 in., 234 lbs. Brown is a savvy, savage defender who all but took Stanford apart singlehandedly in one game last year with



CORNHUSKERS' GLOVER BEING DOUBLE-TEAMED BY MINNESOTA. CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: GLOVER, SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI'S GUY, MIAMI'S OWENS, NOTRE DAME'S MARX

22 tackles and three interceptions. "He really eats 'em up," says one scout. "There's no getting away from him. When he hits a man on the 20-yd. line the man goes down on the 20-yd. line." Youngblood is touted as the "finest middle linebacker around." He "hits like a ton" and can prove it. One scouting report has it that Youngblood once took on a wrestling bear in a carnival and dispatched the beast with a single blow. Glover, a two-time All-America, has been unstoppable as a middle guard for the Cornhuskers. Scouts predict that he will be just as menacing as an outside linebacker. Though a mite small for that position, he may "more than make up for it with his speed, range and knack for diagnosing plays."

CORNERBACKS. Jackie Wallace, Arizona, 6 ft. 4 in., 198 lbs., and Burgess Owens, Miami, 6 ft. 3 in., 183 lbs. He needs more experience in pro-style zone defenses, but Wallace is the kind of rangy, racing defensive back that the pros covet. A deft and definitive tackler, he ranked among the top ten in pass interceptions this season. Owens is a speedster with "great balance and body control." On pass defense, reports one scout, he exhibits "unusual reach and jumping ability. He'll be a persistent in-

terception threat in the pros." Other surefire defensive backs are James Thomas, Florida State, 6 ft. 1 in., 185 lbs., and Mike Holmes, Texas Southern, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.

SAFETIES. Cullen Bryant, Colorado, 6 ft. 1 in., 219 lbs., and Brad VanPelt, Michigan State, 6 ft. 5 in., 221 lbs. The line on Bryant is "powerful, sharp pursuit, a mean cookie." "He can spot a runner five steps," says one scout, and then he will "not only catch him but pound the hell out of him." Versatile is the word for VanPelt. A seven-letter man in three sports, he is tall and tough enough to also be considered as linebacker. Says one scout: "For a big guy he can fly. He's always in the right place, sometimes making half the tackles for State."

SPECIALIST. Ray Guy, Southern Mississippi, 6 ft. 4 in., 192 lbs. Averaging a booming 46 yds. a kick this season, until he suffered an ankle injury, Guy is a premier punter with several pluses. The "hang-up time" of his kicks (4.7 sec.), explains one scout, allows "outstanding coverage opportunity." As a placekicker, he booted a 61-yd. field goal. He also happens to be an outstanding defensive back and is fourth in the nation in interceptions.

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Who Is That Lady?

So fair and foul a night London players have seldom seen. Dark, suffocating, nameless terror creeps everywhere. Sounds of shrieking horses and gales of bone-rattling electronic music zap the eardrums. It is the National Theater's production of *Macbeth*, raising new shudders in the definition of gore, new questions about the existence of the supernatural—and new developments in the black art of scaring up tickets. As *Macbeth*, Anthony Hopkins is a restless animal, hopelessly possessed, feeding on eerie fears until they devour him.

married, she lives alone in a nondescript house in Barnes, a decidedly unfashionable London neighborhood south of the Thames. She reads books. She is blunt. She speaks out, at times in four-letter words, on Women's Lib or birth control. She frankly discusses the fact that she lived for eight years with a married man, probably will do so again, and has no intention of ever marrying.

She is, by her own admission, too impatient with others. By way of a compliment, Director Peter Hall once told her that in her early days as an actress she was the rudest walk-on he had ever seen. "I am lacking in charity a bit,"

After R.A.D.A., Diana took the predictable route to provincial repertory, then made a lucky connection with the Royal Shakespeare Company, in which she spent five years and worked up to such leading roles as Viola in *Twelfth Night* and Cordelia in *King Lear*. In 1966 she took on *The Avengers*, still fitting in occasional stints with the R.S.C. Later she branched out further with an unspectacular U.S. tour in *Abélard and Héloïse* and some unremarkable movies (*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, *Hospital*). Last year she made her debut with the National Theater in Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers*, a black comedy in which she appeared 1) nude, and 2) swinging on a papier-mâché moon while singing *Sentimental Journey*. Proclaims National Theater Director Laurence Olivier: "She is a brilliantly skilled and delicious actress."

The commercial Diana, meanwhile, is not being neglected. She has recently finished filming a horror movie, *Much Ado About Murder*, with Vincent Price and her next Hollywood venture is the pilot film for a proposed TV comedy series about a British girl confronting the peculiarities of American life. The theme is about as stimulating as the thought of yet another season of *The Beverly Hillsbillies*, but Diana is undismayed. She believes that "if you care about the theater, you can feed new audiences into it from television." Besides, another TV lark will satisfy her continuing yen for variety. "Of course," she says, "I could end up a Jack-of-all-trades and master of none. But then, to be a master of one would spell infinite boredom."

Viewpoints

PORTRAIT: THE WOMAN I LOVE. ABC. Sunday, Dec. 17, 9-10 p.m. E.S.T.

A dashing young king gives up his throne for a woman while half the world breathlessly watches and listens. The courtship of Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson may be the romance of the century; but to the producers of this dramatized re-creation, it is just another soap opera, with Windsor Castle taking the place of General Hospital, Edward standing in for the handsome doctor on rounds, and poor Wallis playing the inevitable "other woman."

Unfortunately, as ABC is presenting it, the show is not even good soap opera. The backgrounds are beautiful and authentic looking—despite the fact that the film was shot in California—but the producers seem to find the atmosphere of 1936 as alien as 1066. Nor are they helped by the actors. Faye Dunaway (Simpson) flutters her eyes a lot, but she is not a woman for whom a king would give up his crown—or even a good night's sleep. Richard Chamberlain looks remarkably like old photographs of Edward, but he seems to think that the way a king shows his regality is to affect a look of condescension and constantly crinkle his brow and nose as if

SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

KEYSTONE



DIANA RIGG IN TV'S "AVENGERS" (LEFT), NATIONAL THEATER'S "JUMPERS" & "MACBETH" Four-letter words, divers lovers and the rudest walk-on ever.

But soft, who is that lady he was seen with? That lady whose steely resolve disintegrates in guilt, who seizes her crucifix like a dagger, spits venomously on its tip, and invokes the spirits of night to fill her with direst cruelty?

It is Diana Rigg. American TV audiences know a certain Diana Rigg as Mrs. Emma Peel, that so-cool, so-luscious British counterspy with wicked brown eyes and auburn hair who effortlessly karate-chopped and kneed her way through 34 episodes of *The Avengers*. If this is the same Rigg, what's a pop actress like that doing in a nice place like Shakespeare? "I'm both a commercial and classical actress," Diana says flatly. "They want to box me up, frame me and put a title under me, but I defy that. Besides, it doesn't matter what you do as an actor. We started as vagabonds, playing in churches, barns and halls. I'm only tramping the same route."

Diana's life is no less unconventional than her attitudes about acting. Un-

she admits, "I'm told I'm too independent. It's a fault when you can't say 'Help!' but all I can do is retire and get solitary and work things out for myself." On such occasions, Diana will sometimes slip away to an old *finca* she bought some years ago on the Mediterranean island of Ibiza. There is no electricity at the house. Characteristically, she does not plan to add any.

Independence is typical of girls from Yorkshire, where Diana was born 34 years ago. She spent her first eight years in India, where her father was a civil engineer. At 17, after an English boarding-school education, she entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. For two years she studied the R.A.D.A. way—the upper-class voice, the elegant movements. "It was too rarefied," she says. "It had nothing to do with real life. As a matter of fact, I very nearly got thrown out of R.A.D.A. because I was having a dose of real life on the outside." Did that mean she had a lover? "Let's say," she replies, "divers lovers."

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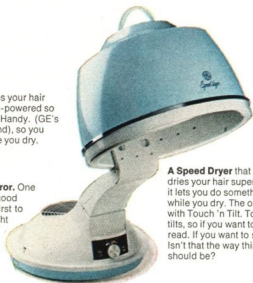
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A Speed Dryer that not only dries your hair super fast, it lets you do something else while you dry. The only one with Touch 'n Tilt. Touch, it tilts, so if you want to read, read. If you want to sew, sew. Isn't that the way things should be?



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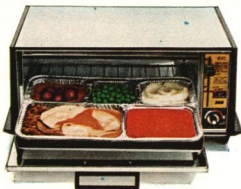
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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

he had just smelled something bad but was too polite to say so—or as if he had just read the script.

GHOST STORY. NBC. Friday, 9-10 p.m. E.S.T.

It seems that there is a little problem with one of the English profs down at old Siwash U. He has his eye on the pretty coeds, and he, well, he takes advantage of them. Not that the poor fellow (Hal Linden) can help himself. He, like any other vampire, cannot be held responsible for what happens when the sun goes down. NBC, however, can be held responsible for the episode, titled *Elegy for a Vampire*, and for all the other stories in this series. They are consistently dreadful, substituting the chill of boredom for the thrill of suspense. Week after week, this is perhaps the silliest of all the silly hours on TV.

COLUMBO. NBC. Every fourth Sunday, 8:30-10 p.m. E.S.T.

During the first 15 minutes of every episode, a seemingly perfect murder. Then, for more than an hour, Los Angeles Police Lieutenant Columbo tries to figure out what the viewer already knows. Looking and acting more like a befuddled sheep dog than a crafty bloodhound, Columbo (Peter Falk) sets to work. The viewer works with him, wincing, sighing and occasionally sitting up in excitement as Columbo stumbles step by step to the tiny flaw that will unravel the murder's protective coat.

The show is probably the best detective series on TV. Unfortunately, it is not quite good enough. Though Falk is a delight to watch in one of the medium's meatiest roles, the writers frequently fail to support him with plausible scripts or the final surprise that their formula demands. Beyond that, the producers have made the mistake this season of sometimes running the show for two hours rather than the usual hour-and-a-half. It is a burden that not even Falk can carry. Enough is enough. Like an English pubkeeper at the closing hour, someone should shout "Time, gentlemen!" ■ Gerald Clarke

FALK QUESTIONS VALERIE HARPER



MILESTONES

Engaged. Jane Fonda, 34, Oscar-winning actress (*Klute*) and antiwar activist; and Tom Hayden, 33, founder of the radical S.D.S. and one of the Chicago Seven defendants. The revolutionary twosome announced they will be married as soon as Fonda has her divorce from French Film Director Roger Vadim, probably early in 1973.

Died. José Limón, 64, one of the creators of the American modern dance; of cancer; in Flemington, N.J. Mexican-born Limón turned from painting to the dance in 1928, beginning a lifelong association with the pioneer teacher and choreographer Doris Humphrey. Under her guidance Limón began choreographing his own dances, but by the late 1940s had his own group, and with Mentor Humphrey as artistic director, polished his austere, flowing style. His major works include *Missa Brevis* and *Emperor Jones*. He is best remembered for *The Moor's Pavane*, created in 1949, a spare retelling of *Othello* that has become a dance classic.

Died. L. (for Lewis) Francis Herreshoff, 82, master yacht designer; in Boston. Most widely known for his do-it-yourself designs, Herreshoff built handsome wooden yachts, including *Whirlwind*, a 1930 contender to defend the America's Cup; and *Ticonderoga*, a trim, graceful 72-ft. ocean racer (built in 1936), which won the 1966 Transpac race from San Francisco to Honolulu.

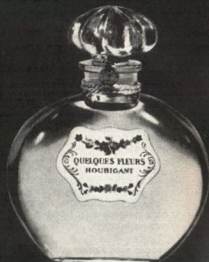
Died. Frances, Countess Lloyd George, 84, widow of Britain's World War I Prime Minister; in Churt, England. Slim, attractive Frances Stevenson attended the Versailles peace conference as David Lloyd George's secretary. She was also his mistress, as her memoirs revealed, and continued her double role for 30 years until they were married in 1943 (his first wife died in 1941). As his confidante, she exerted considerable influence on the Liberal Party.

Died. Louella O. Parsons, 92, Hollywood's empress of gossip for more than three decades; in Santa Monica, Calif. Lolly, as intimates knew her, broke into movies as a scriptwriter, eventually moved on to write a daily Hollywood column for the Hearst newspapers. At her peak of influence in the '30s and '40s, the column appeared in 1,200 newspapers worldwide. A celebrated feud, most notably with Orson Welles over his film *Citizen Kane*, which she said ridiculed William Randolph Hearst, was also a tireless reporter with sharp instincts for a story and an early-warning radar for scandal. Two of her biggest exposés were the Douglas Fairbanks-Mary Pickford divorce and Ingrid Bergman's affair with Roberto Rossellini.

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COVER STORY

The Perils of Eating, American Style

► Paul Bragg, 91, claims that his life-guard's physique was the result of two hours of daily exercise at Honolulu's Waikiki Beach and his special diet. He eats natural foods—fresh fruits, vegetables, seeds, but little meat and no salt; he plans to live to 120.

► A California farmer who markets produce supposed to be "organic"—free of insecticide and chemical fertilizer—is known to spray his crops at night to protect them from insects and himself from his customers' wrath.

► A young Chicago secretary looks up from her fourth salad of the day with a frown. "If you eat right," she says, "you're supposed to want to jump up and down even if you have a gimpy leg or are mentally retarded. Only it doesn't work out that way. I mean, I eat the things I'm supposed to, but I don't feel any healthier."

► Lyn Duddy, a New Yorker who writes music and lyrics for television and nightclub acts, once weighed 268 lbs. He is now down to about 170 and hopes to stay there thanks to an unusual regimen that permits him to eat heavy cream, dressings and certain other rich food, but allows almost no fruit, cake or candy.

► Dr. Arthur Simon, a Beverly Hills, Calif., physician who specializes in the problems of the overweight, worries that any further Government crack-downs on amphetamines, which are used as appetite suppressors, may curb his practice (see following story).

In their own way, these people are part of a mounting U.S. obsession with food. Whether they are simply trying to get thin, or whether they are pursuing health or even salvation through diet, Americans are perhaps more preoccupied than any other nation with what to eat, what not to eat, how to eat and even when. It seems that the American kitchen has become a battleground as people in growing numbers rebel against the American way of eating. If the methods are sometimes dubious, the cause is worthy. While a small minor-

ity in the U.S. is still underfed because of poverty, the huge majority packs away enormous quantities of edibles. The superficial cost is low; Americans spend less of their disposable income on food than any other nationality. The real cost is horrendous, because many of the affluent are shortening their lives by committing caloric hara-kiri.

Disagreement. Among the principal weapons are excessive salt and an overabundance of sugars and fats, which fill the stomach without fulfilling all the body's nutritional needs. The dietary death wish is acted out according to life-style: by habitual snacking, by gorging on gourmet treats and rich desserts, by a heavy reliance on processed foods and the no-breakfast, lunch-on-the-run schedule—or all of the above. Even when they eat a sensible variety of foods, Americans and citizens of other prosperous nations tend to eat more than their bodies consume in physical activity, given the sedentary habits of the post-agrarian era.

In recent years, there has been considerable improvement in popular comprehension of the problem. Reasons: medical research linking overeating and heart disease, consumer campaigns against low-quality food and incomplete labeling, the counterculture's war on all things artificial, the conviction that thin is chic. The popular response, however, has been confused. Having begun to suspect that eating as usual is not good for them, Americans are often frustrated in their quest for something better. Dietary prescriptions tend to be contradictory. Nutritionists disagree on the merits of milk drinking, argue over the value of vitamins and debate long and learnedly over the role of diet in health and weight control. Their disagreement and a shortage of conclusive scientific data on nutrition have left Americans sure of only one thing: too much food, one of the perils of plenty, can be dangerous to your health.

Man has long invested the simple and necessary act of taking in nourishment with heavy ritual. Therefore, it is fitting that one of the kinkiest divisions in the army of culinary skeptics, the health-food addicts, should operate with almost religious conviction. Believing that good health, not to mention beauty, longevity and even sexual potency, depend on the proper foods, they spurn most pre-packaged products. Instead they insist upon vegetables grown in soil that has been enriched with manure rather than chemical fertilizers, meat from animals raised without growth-stimulating hormones, bread from which no grain particles have been removed.

The variety of such foods is vast. At Erewhon Natural Foods in Los Angeles, natural-food gourmets can find deep jars full of grains, nuts and buckwheat spaghetti. They can also pick up such exotica as whole-wheat bread with avocado and tomato filling, and ginseng, an herbal root from Red China.

Some eat such foods for religious reasons, believing that certain items



FOODS, FADS & OTHER EVIDENCE OF AN OBSESSION WITH EATING



nourish the soul as well as the body. "Eating is a spiritual movement," says one of Erewhon's customers. "It upsets me to see people eating junk. It's just an escape, like drugs or alcohol." Followers of the late George Ohsawa, a Japanese-born philosopher, subscribe to a macrobiotic diet that relies on tea, brown rice, beans and nuts. That program may slight fats. A New Jersey girl who followed it too strictly died of malnutrition, and parents who limit their infants to the guru's menu risk rearing mentally retarded offspring.

Durable Experts. Others believe that certain foods can prevent or control disease. Honey is supposed to help those with cancer, pumpkin seeds those with prostate trouble. Beet juice is believed to benefit the blood, while carrot juice, it is claimed, helps dissolve cancers and heal ulcers. There must be some advantages to eating properly. Septuagenarian Gayelord Hauser, who has been writing about health for almost 50 years, is still going strong. In fact, a number of such experts have proved durable. Carleton Fredericks, 62, still has a following as does Jonnie Lee MacFadden, widow of Physical Culturist Bernarr MacFadden.

Not all naturalists seek to control disease through diet; some object to what they consider the artificiality of many food products: the colorings added to enhance their appeal, the chemicals put in to improve their taste, the preservatives to increase their shelf life

and the processing that may rob them of their nutrients. Some items pushed by the granddaddies of today's faddists have proved highly beneficial. They long ago touted wheat germ, the vitamin-rich embryo of the wheat kernel, and such health store staples as safflower oil, nuts and unsweetened juices.

But the current interest in organics is unprecedented. In 1965 there were only 500 stores in the U.S. specializing in health foods. Now there are more than 3,000. Virtually every major supermarket chain is either carrying or considering handling a line of health-food items. Some estimate that sales will top \$400 million this year and account for 5% of all supermarket sales.

The growth has come despite premium prices. True organic produce costs about 30% more to produce and deliver than conventional items. The extra effort needed to raise certain vegetables organically and the limited distribution may double the retail cost. A pound of Granola, a cereal containing oats, wheat germ and sunflower seeds, can run a customer as much as 89¢, or just about twice the price of a box of "enriched" breakfast cereal. Fertilized eggs, which contain a tiny chick embryo, average 30¢ a dozen more than standard, unfertilized eggs. Yet demand for such products is so great that profits are almost always assured.

Temptation. Abuses also seem inevitable as some unscrupulous merchants seek to capitalize on the fad. Allen Grant, West Coast editor of the late J.I. Rodale's *Organic Gardening and Farming*, believes that anywhere from 50% to 70% of the food labeled organic is, in fact, no different from that being sold on supermarket shelves. Even if that estimate is too high, most experts agree that more "organic" food is being sold today than actually grown. "The temptation is obvious," says Mrs. Crissy Rose, a research analyst at California's department of consumer affairs. "The market is there, but the food is not, or is more costly to obtain."

What if the food is genuinely organic? Many nutritionists agree that unprocessed, unadulterated products may often taste better than their conventional counterparts. Fruits and vegetables are usually fresher and come from plant varieties chosen for flavor. But all reject the faddists' claim that such foods are necessarily more nutritious. "Plants produce nutrients to aid their own

growth, not to benefit those who will eat them," says Dr. Myron Winick, director of the Institute of Human Nutrition at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. "There is no evidence—and no reason to believe—that organically grown plants contain any more vitamins than foods fertilized with nitrates." Nor, Winick says, is there any reason to assume that natural vitamins are better than the synthetic kind. Says he: "The body cannot tell the difference between natural vitamins and those made in the laboratory."

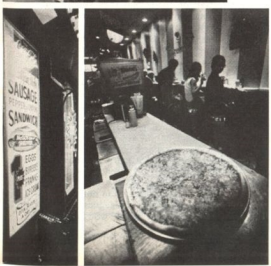
A few nutritionists dismiss the organic-food cult as nonsense. Thomas Jukes, professor of medical physics at the University of California at Berkeley, says that "the movement is dangerous to the consumer because, by misrepresenting science, it brings about a mistrust of the entire food supply." Others see it as a harmless search for nutritional peace of mind.

East River Pop. The majority of nutritionists, though no *aficionados* of the organic themselves, believe that the trend is beneficial. Jean Mayer, a professor of nutrition at Harvard's Graduate School of Public Health as well as a presidential adviser, thinks that the organic movement has increased public awareness of the chemicals that have become regular ingredients of processed foods. Such knowledge, he feels, has been at least partially responsible for the banning of cyclamates, artificial sweeteners used in soft drinks, and diethylstilbestrol (DES), a synthetic hormone-like substance added to cattle feeds. Both have been linked with cancer in humans. Says he: "Some commercial soft-drink labels read like a qualitative analysis of the East River." He stresses, however, that since the first White House Conference on Food, Nutrition and Health in 1969, there has been a more thorough review of additives. In fact, in discussing the contents of soft drinks, he expressed more concern about their nutritive benefits than their additives.

The organic-food movement has also helped to make consumers more conscious of their general diet and led many people to read the labels of the products they buy. Such scrutiny can be important. Example: a look at the label on a soup can reveals that one of the primary ingredients is salt, something that many with severe hypertension do well to avoid.

The health-food explosion is only one manifestation of Americans' new

MARK REID/STREET





JAPANESE CHILDREN EATING RICE

A simple and necessary act, a religious ritual and the fulfillment of a dietary death wish.



GERMAN WOMEN LUNCHING IN BONN

interest in nutrition. Many, feeling that no foods can provide them with all the nutrients they need, gobble daily doses of vitamins and other dietary supplements that they believe hold the key to good health. Sales of vitamins have been increasing. A decade ago, vitamins brought the nation's pharmaceutical houses a total of about \$300 million; this year, vitamin manufacturers are estimated to gross almost \$500 million.

Magic Bullet. Vitamins are unquestionably important to health. A lack of vitamin A, contained in green, leafy vegetables and whole milk, can cause night blindness. Shortages of the various B vitamins, contained in milk, meat and some grains, produce such deficiency diseases as pellagra and beriberi. A deficiency of vitamin C, or ascorbic acid, a substance found in citrus fruits and some fresh vegetables, can result in scurvy. Rickets, a disease caused by calcium deficiency that produces bone deformities, can result from a lack of vitamin D.

From these facts, some vitamin enthusiasts have leaped to the conclusion that the substances can prevent or control many diseases. Irwin Stone, a California-based biochemist, regards vitamin C as a magic bullet that not only can help man avoid scurvy but can serve as a treatment for cancer, heart disease and schizophrenia. Nobel-prizewinning Chemist Linus Pauling has advocated large doses to prevent or cure the common cold. Dr. Wilfrid Shute, a Canadian cardiologist, believes that proper use of vitamin E can aid in treatment of damaged hearts. Others recommend vitamin E for hypertension and rheumatic fever; some claim that it will promote sexual potency.

No one, however, has done more to popularize the use of vitamins than Adelle Davis, whose books and television appearances have established her as one of the country's leading health-food advocates (see box, page 72). But some of Davis' claims, as well as those of her fellow vitamin advocates, are still unproved. Doctors can find no conclusive evidence that vitamin C in large doses prevents heart disease or effectively treats cancer. Vitamin C's func-

tion as a cold cure is also uncertain. Its safety—if taken in quantities hundreds of times greater than the recommended daily requirement of about 60 mg.—is questionable. Though deficiencies of vitamin E will produce the symptoms of muscular dystrophy in rats, doctors are not yet convinced that such symptoms may exist in humans. "Vitamin E," say some physicians, "is a cure looking for a disease."

Other vitamins can actually be harmful. Vitamin A can be dangerous if taken in excess. Overdoses of vitamin D₃ can produce demineralization of bone, resulting in multiple fractures after minimal trauma. Though lack of vitamins may cause health problems, the pills are not—and should not be—regarded as panaceas. "People," says Philip White, an American Medical Association nutrition expert, "have been led to believe that positive health benefits will occur: super vitality, great endurance, freedom from illness, resistance to infection. Supposedly these benefits result from supplementing an already adequate diet. They cannot."

Health, however, is not the only concern of food-conscious Americans. Many, aware that to be overweight is to be unattractive, are trying to diet their way to slimness. Broadly speaking, they have two alternatives: they can follow regimens that promise rapid

weight loss through the elimination of almost all carbohydrates, or they can try a more sensible system of eating that restricts quantity rather than variety and pares off pounds more slowly.

Many dieters opt for the eccentric. They have no lack of plans from which to choose. Ice cream fiends can find an ice cream diet, lovers of martinis, whipped cream or bananas can find diets that emphasize their favorite foods. Some crash diets seem more popular than others. Among them:

THE DOCTOR'S QUICK WEIGHT LOSS DIET, developed by Dr. Irwin Stillman, allows only protein-rich foods like lean meat, eggs and cottage cheese. Everything else, including most fruits and vegetables, is banned; and at least eight glasses of water a day must be drunk to keep the system flushed. Stillman insists that dieters can lose from five to ten pounds a week. But weight may not be all they lose. The shortage of carbohydrates can cause excessive fat metabolism, which may be harmful.

THE GRAPEFRUIT DIET consists of little more than eggs, bacon and grapefruit (which is supposed to dissolve body fat) and allows dieters to eat as much of these foods as they wish. Those who follow this diet supposedly lose up to ten pounds a week, but not because of any fat-fighting properties on the part of grapefruit. Most of the people who try this diet get so tired of the limited selection of foods that they simply cut down on their eating.

THE LOVER'S DIET, devised by Dr. Abraham Friedman, at least sounds like fun. He urges the overweight to "reach for a mate instead of a plate," and exercise off their excess weight through intercourse. But unless they follow Friedman's low-fat and low-carbohydrate diet as well, they are unlikely to shed many pounds. A single act of intercourse, according to Friedman, burns an average of only 200 calories.

The true worth and even the safety of most crash diets are questionable. "I'm sure they are of enormous value to their promoters," says the A.M.A.'s White. "Nutritionally, I'm not so sure." Neither are White's colleagues. But they admit that most people who faithfully

Eating Organic

HEALTH-FOOD fans live on more than wheat germ alone. Breakfast can include organic apple juice, Granola with skim milk and buttered protein-enriched toast. Lunch may well be almond butter on whole-wheat bread or peanut butter, bananas and berries on date-nut bread. Spinach noodles with scrambled eggs provide bulk and only 250 calories. It even leaves room for a dessert of dietetic ice cream, a bargain at 125 calories.



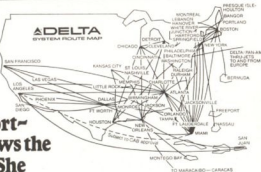
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MEDICINE

follow any one of them are bound to lose at least some weight. Any such losses are usually temporary. Many crash dieters regain poundage as soon as they resume their regular eating habits.

For this reason, many doctors eschew eccentric diets and insist that their patients learn instead to eat differently for the rest of their lives. Dr. Robert Atkins, a modishly dressed Manhattan physician who operates out of a plush East Side office, believes that overweight is the result of the body's inability to metabolize carbohydrates properly. He allows his patients such dietary don'ts as mayonnaise, heavy cream, butter, steaks and lobster, but limits them

to a maximum of 40 grams of carbohydrates daily. Dr. Charles Roland of the Mayo Clinic says that "despite Atkins' sweeping generalizations and exuberant confidence, his thesis rests largely on unproven assumptions."

Balanced Meals. But Atkins, who claims that more than 90% of his patients succeed in losing weight, envisions a day when even airlines will offer their passengers a choice between a regular meal and one of his "revolutionary" repasts. His patients share his confidence. One 30-year-old woman put herself into a hospital in her unsuccessful attempts to lose weight; she finally came to Atkins carrying 283 lbs. on her

5-ft. 8-in. frame. She is now an attractive 143 lbs. and credits Atkins for much of her success (though she has been under psychiatric care as well). "I used to be a potato-chip and Coca-Cola girl," she says. "Now I eat well-balanced meals and am never hungry."

A more conventional approach is advocated by Dr. Morton Glenn of New York City. Glenn, who feels that weight control is as important as reduction, puts his patients on a diet that is high in protein, low in fat and contains moderate amounts of carbohydrates. He also teaches them how to alter their eating habits so that weight that comes off stays off. "People," he says, "should not

The High Priestess of Nutrition

ADELLE DAVIS doesn't look dangerous. She is a plump, peppy housewife of 68 who lives in an ordinary suburban home in Palos Verdes, Calif., reads bestsellers and the works of Kahlil Gibran, keeps a cat and plays some tennis with her husband Frank Sieglinger, a retired accountant. But to many doctors and nutritionists, she is a menace. She replies in kind, castigating "the money boys" of the food industry and the universities for their "old-fashioned scientific attitude," which she says is more concerned with prestige and abstract research than with people.

As the high priestess of a new nutrition religion, she preaches a gospel

BOB PETERSON—LIFE

that many scientists and academicians find heretical. According to Davis, who holds a master's degree in biochemistry from the University of Southern California School of Medicine, malnutrition is at the root of most of America's health, emotional and social problems, and only proper nutrition offers the populace a chance for salvation.

She is winning converts. Her four books on nutrition and health (*Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit*, *Let's Get Well*, *Let's Cook It Right* and *Let's Have Healthy Children*) have sold around 7,000,000 copies. Millions regard her as an oracle where eating is concerned. Even a few doctors who disagree with her opinion on the need for vitamins and other dietary supplements subscribe to some of her dietary dogmas. A number of nutritionists, for instance, are as critical as she of obstetricians who force pregnant women to control their weight stringently. That kind of dieting is frequently carried to extremes unhealthy for both the fetus and the mother.

Though she may have scientific support on specific points, her grand philosophy strikes many as both too broad and too simple: "Poor nutrition has almost wrecked America. I think the crime scene, the mental-health scene, the drug scene are related to nutritional defects." One of her prime targets is packaged bread, generally considered nourishing because of enrichment, but obviously not sufficient by itself. Says she: "Years and years ago, prisoners were put on bread and water. If they were put on today's bread and water, they would die. Then all those people who don't believe in capital punishment but who have been feeding their children this very kind of bread for years and years would raise holy hell."

Adelle, as her followers call her, has been raising just that for years. One of the earliest supporters of the natural-food movement, she follows a diet of fruit, home-grown vegetables, raw milk, eggs and cheese, makes her own cereal

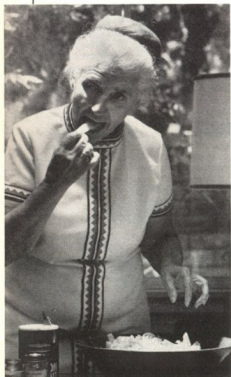
from oatmeal, almonds and wheat germ. She also fortifies her diet by taking no fewer than six vitamins and supplements after each meal—to make up for any nutrients missing from her foods or destroyed in their preparation.

She takes vitamin C for stress, recommends vitamins to avoid a wide variety of diseases and conditions, including heart disease, some cancers and diabetes. She writes that one patient was cured of tuberculosis while on her diet.

Most of Adelle's followers are true believers. Adelle herself says that she gets thousands of letters from people who have followed her dietary prescriptions to improve their sexual performance, ease depression or just look and feel better. Many of her disciples become proselytizers for the new faith. "Adelle," says one of her fans, "has all the answers."

Does she really? Her emphasis on raw milk, eggs and cheese could be an invitation to overweight and heart trouble. She does insist, to be sure, that proper nutrition is no substitute for medical care. But her grand design of diet could induce the medically naive to ignore symptoms of serious diseases while waiting for vitamins and wheat germ to work their wonders. The Chicago Nutrition Association includes three of her books on its list of works that are not recommended. Dr. Edward H. Rynearson, professor emeritus of the Mayo Graduate School of Medicine of the University of Minnesota, is even more critical. He has conducted a careful study of her books, claims to have found hundreds of errors of fact and interpretation. Says he: "Any physician or dietitian will find the book larded with inaccuracies, misquotation and unsubstantiated statements."

Bernard Scheuer, a Tenafly, N.J., dentist, is equally unimpressed with Adelle's approach. A patient reported in to his office with advanced—and painful—untreated gum disease. Accounting for his belated decision to seek professional attention, the man explained: "I tried the Adelle Davis vitamin formula and it still hurts."



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have to diet for the rest of their lives. But they must watch their diets."

Even with regimens like Glenn's, some people still fail to lose weight. Their failures are frustrating, and many people justifiably wonder why medical science can prevent polio or transplant vital organs but have so little success in coping with overweight. In fact, the field of nutrition is terra incognita for the average doctor. Courses are not widely taught in medical schools, and even among specialists there are substantive disagreements.

At least a hazy line exists between the chronically and seriously obese—those 20% or more above the norm for their physique—and the larger group that is mildly to moderately overweight. The obese are more likely to have had weight problems since childhood, or even infancy. One recent hypothesis has it that infants fed too much fat may manufacture excess fat cells that remain in the body tissue. Heredity probably plays a part as well.

The moderately overweight will generally shed pounds as long as they consume fewer calories than they burn up in activity. That they fail to maintain a favorable balance can often be attributed to a lack of self-discipline, knowledge or both. Many people overeat for psychological reasons—nervousness, insecurity, or boredom.

Way of Life. Where willpower is the key element, all sizes can benefit from organizations like Weight Watchers. It has more than 100 franchise operations across the country, which offer flexible, common-sense diets, plus exercise and morale-boosting meetings.

At a session of a New York City chapter recently, members nibbled celery and sipped low-calorie soft drinks as they listened to the lecturer, Sylvia Cataldo, 33, an employee of a Manhattan art gallery. She worked up the audience with evangelical fervor as she preached against poundage and spoke sympathetically about the loneliness of the long-distance dieter. "You're doing it yourself," she replied to a member who credited her with helping him lose 54 lbs. "You are alone with yourself most of the time."

But not at meetings, where Weight Watchers must shout out the number of pounds they have lost since the last gathering. Members who attend 16 consecutive weekly meetings and lose at least ten pounds are rewarded with tie clasps or pins. Some really deserve their decorations. A 23-year-old student who weighed 236 lbs. when she joined last January watched her weight so closely that she brought it down to 161 lbs. Said she: "It has become a way of life."

The simple fact is that Americans eat too much. A century ago, the average American consumed about 3,000 calories a day. He also burned most of them up. Work hours were long, household conveniences and servants a luxury of the rich. The average American today consumes between 2,500 and

3,000 calories a day but is physically idle compared with his ancestors.

Says Harvard's Mayer: "There's no one except an exercise nut who's as physically active as the sedentary person of the last century. And if there's any physical activity left now, you can be sure there are several large corporations searching for ways of eliminating it. Look at those advertisements for extension telephones; all those steps you save probably add up to five pounds a year in fat."

Choice of foods is as crucial as quantity. Americans, who eat more than 1,000 lbs. of food a year, consume less potatoes and starchy foods than their ancestors. But they also eat far more sugar, which provides quick energy as well as calories, and fats, some of which may lead to atherosclerosis, the build-up of fatty deposits in the arteries. Sixty years ago, Americans ate 87 lbs. of sugar a year; today they eat around 120. Back then, they consumed 39 lbs. of fats and oils annually; now they take in 55. Fats account for around 17% of the annual intake, flour and cereal products for about one-fifth. Says George Briggs, a professor in Berkeley's department of nutritional sciences, "I think our poor food choices are a national disaster."

Eating habits are also harmful. Many Americans skip breakfast entirely, or have only a cup of coffee. Lunch is often a quick bite. This increases the temptation to nibble snacks and to overeat at the evening meal. Even then, the meal may be a poor one. "The mother doesn't get the satisfactions from preparing food that she once did," says Berkeley Nutritionist Helen Ullrich. "So she wants to be out of the kitchen."

Restaurant meals can also be risky. Few contain the variety of vitamins and minerals needed for health. Some are nutritional time bombs, high in what Harvard's Mayer calls the "deadly trinity" of cholesterol, sugar and sodium. When it comes to gobbling snacks, young people are the worst offenders, consuming as much as half their caloric needs in potato chips, cookies, cakes and other foods high in calories, low in protein; adults are almost as bad.

Berkeley's Briggs believes that food processors are at least partly to blame. Despite the attempts of many in the food industry to stress nutrition, he observes, the industry does not feel that nutrition sells. It feels that flavor and taste are the moneymakers.

Ignorance is also a major factor. Less than half of the states have nutritionists at the administrative level on their boards of education; most students learn little about nutrition in high school or college. Many physicians are of limited help. Says Dr. Michael Latham of Cornell University's Graduate School

of Nutrition: "Nine out of ten doctors in New York City would give wrong answers to dietary questions."

Evidence of medical uncertainty is abundant. Some doctors feel that iron enrichment of bread would go a long way toward easing the anemia that is widespread in the U.S., particularly among adolescent girls. Others feel that fortification is dangerous for people who have ample iron in their systems already. Experts are also uncertain about the amounts of vitamins and minerals needed for good health.

But there is one thing on which most medical men agree: that the U.S. is paying a stiff price for its eating habits. Though debate still goes on over the precise role which diet plays in several diseases, doctors have reached a consensus that it is a major factor in



"Why should I eat it? I got my daily essential Vitamin A and all the thiamine and riboflavin I need in the fortified Dynafakes and irradiated milk I had for breakfast."

DRAWN BY DAWDOW. © 1970 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

several serious ailments. Specifically:
► Heart disease, the major cause of death in the U.S. Doctors have yet to establish conclusively that a rich, fatty diet is responsible for heart attacks, but the statistical case is strong, and not only in the U.S. In Germany, the rising death rate from complications of high blood pressure coincides with the increase in caloric intake that has accompanied a rising standard of living. In Japan, a steady rise in heart disease has been traced to the growth in fat consumption that has resulted from an increasingly Occidental diet. Twenty years ago,

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when the Japanese diet was still largely limited to rice, fish and vegetables, there were 34,298 deaths linked to atherosclerosis; two years ago the reported death toll was 68,786.

► **Diabetes.** A predisposition to mild forms of this disease may be brought out by obesity. There are now over 4,000,000 diabetics in the U.S., plus 5,000,000 potential diabetics.

► **Dental decay.** Although the rate of cavities has declined since the beginning of World War II, tooth decay remains a major health problem despite fluoridation. More than 98% of the U.S. population is afflicted, and an estimated 20 million adults have lost over half their teeth. Adequate diet is essential for the proper development of tooth structure, and for resistance to the tiny organisms that promote decay.

► **Mental retardation.** Doctors have long suspected that maternal malnutrition was responsible for low birth weight among some babies born at term. A recently released British study has shown that these babies are likely to lag behind their heavier contemporaries when they get to school. Columbia's Winick says that 80% of all brain growth takes place between conception and the age of two; growth that fails to take place during this period because of either fetal or infant malnutrition does not take place at all.

The cost of diet-linked diseases is considerable. Briggs told a congressional hearing last week that as much as \$30 billion of the nation's \$75 billion medical bill is the result of poor nutrition. The U.S. Department of Agriculture apparently agrees. In a recent report on nutrition it speculated that good eating habits could cut the incidence of heart and vascular diseases by 25%, reduce respiratory infections by 20% and slash arthritis, diabetes and infant mortality by half.

Such far-out visions may be unrealistic, but some changes are taking place. Columbia University's newly established Institute of Human Nutrition is working on the problems of maternal and fetal malnutrition and developing educational materials for use in schools. Food processors, alarmed by the trend toward organic foods and shaken by the growing public reaction against additives, are improving the nutritional quality of many of their products. The Del Monte Corp., the world's largest producer of canned fruits and vegetables, has decided to include nutritional information on the labels of many of its products.

The Federal Government, meanwhile, is moving in several directions. The Food and Drug Administration is preparing guidelines suggesting nutritional labeling of frozen convenience foods, such as TV dinners, and proposing regulations for the labeling of vitamin contents according to recommended rather than minimum daily requirements and the identification of sources and types of fats used in pro-

cessed foods. It is also planning to place more stringent regulations upon the sale of vitamins. Recognizing that the safety and effectiveness of large doses have yet to be determined, the F.D.A. is planning to classify as drugs all vitamin preparations that contain more than 150% of the recommended daily requirement.

Because they involve the vital interests of the nation's food and drug industries, some of these proposed regulations have met with long and bitter debate in hearings over a two-year period. But Americans need not wait until all the arguments have been settled before they temper their diets. Physicians are already beginning to prescribe a more sensible approach to eating. Doctors to both Presidents Eisenhower and

Johnson put their patients on strict low-fat diets and urged them, not always successfully, to get more exercise.

Many doctors interviewed by TIME have decided to follow such diets themselves in the interests of both health and weight control. Cornell's Latham limits his intake of saturated fats by trimming his meat carefully and passing up butter for margarine. He cuts down on sugar and eats only two or three eggs a week. Dr. Richard Rivlin of Columbia also watches his fat intake, eats lots of salads and fresh fruit. Columbia's Dr. Frank Smith not only follows a low-fat, low-cholesterol diet but exercises at least twice a week. Americans interested in avoiding the hazards of the desk and dining table would do well to follow a similar regimen.

FARRAR, STRAUS & GORDON. "THE JOHN F. KENNEDY: A FAMILY ALBUM." © 1964 BY MARK SHAW



DR. MAX JACOBSON (STANDING, RIGHT) WITH J.F.K. IN FLORIDA

Society Speed

Dr. Max Jacobson accompanied President John F. Kennedy to his 1961 summit meeting with Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna, visited Kennedy at the White House and was often heard to boast that he treated both the Chief Executive and his wife. Last week the *New York Times* reported that the German-born G.P. could have done a good deal more name-dropping from his roster of rich and famous patients. The *Times* also suggested that those patients were getting some startling treatments. Dr. Jacobson, said the *Times*, had been dispensing amphetamines, the powerful stimulants known to the drug culture as "speed." He had given injections to dozens of the country's leading writers,

politicians and jet-setters to elevate their moods and help them to perform better.

The story takes pains to point out that there is no proof that either President or Mrs. Kennedy received amphetamines from Jacobson. Nor does it say which of those on Jacobson's patient list—which included such names as Author Truman Capote, playwright Tennessee Williams, singer Eddie Fisher and the late President's brother-in-law, Prince Stanislas Radziwill—actually got speed. But the story does establish that amphetamines were often a part of Jacobson's prescriptions.

Many of Jacobson's patients regard him as a virtual magician whose treatments have been essential to their careers. Others have found the price of

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performance too high. Amphetamine users often become heavily dependent on the drug, which can produce the symptoms of schizophrenia. Many amphetamine users experience delusions and feelings of paranoia; some become depressed and suicidal.

Several of Jacobson's patients suffered bad effects from their treatment. Film Producer Otto Preminger, a patient for a short time, quit because the shots made him feel "terrible." Said he: "It was one of the most fearful experiences of my life and I'd never go again." Tennessee Williams' brother says that the playwright spent three months in a mental hospital after Jacobson's treatments. Another patient, Photographer Mark Shaw, died of an overdose of amphetamines.

Stories of drug-dispensing "Dr. Feelgoods" have been part of medical folklore for some time and have occasionally surfaced in print. But none have been so startling as the *Times*' disclosure. At least a dozen of the paper's reporters and researchers worked on the project during the last five months. Jacobson lost little time in defending himself and blasting what he termed "inaccuracies and distortions." He did not deny that at least some of his patients received amphetamines. Said he: "I have satisfied myself [that] in small amounts and [under] close supervision amphetamine can be a valuable tool in a doctor's hand." The dosages, he maintained, were "a good deal lower than those prescribed in the so-called weight-reduction pills."

Moral Issue. The story raised some grave questions. Should the sanctity of the doctor-patient relationship be maintained even with Presidents, whose decisions can affect the safety, not to mention the survival, of the nation? Or should presidential prescriptions be made a matter of public record? Indeed, should doctors prescribe amphetamines at all? "If the case of Dr. Jacobson were unique, we would have only a small problem," says Dr. Willard Gaylin of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. "Unfortunately, it is not. Doctors round the country are still prescribing amphetamines massively, usually in the guise of weight control. But what they really do is give a lift."

Doctors may not be able to dole out such highs much longer. The American Medical Association regards amphetamine abuse as widespread and has asked all doctors to limit the drug's use to those conditions for which it is specifically indicated, such as narcolepsy (a condition characterized by brief attacks of deep sleep) and hyperkinesia (excessive activity) among children. The Federal Government may go even further. The Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has placed amphetamines on the list of controlled substances for which it sets manufacturing quotas. Studies now under way could lead to a reduction in these quotas.

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In a survey, doctors were asked what they use to relieve such painful symptoms. Many of the doctors reporting said that they either use Preparation H themselves or in their office practice.

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By day, Bob Blaisdell is a mild mannered school teacher in Weymouth, Massachusetts.

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Bob had two babies to take care of. A toddling 10 month old son. And his new Dojo (karate school)—that was also toddling.

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He worked it out so Bob could get the insurance he needed now—and get more later when his karate school could protect itself.

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CINEMA

Eerie Ennui

CHILD'S PLAY

Directed by SIDNEY LUMET

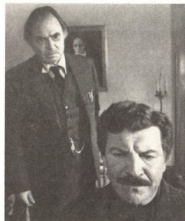
Screenplay by LEON PROCHNIK

Winter term at a Catholic boarding school for boys, and the students are restless. But this is no case of ordinary snowbound ennui, as eager young Gym Teacher Paul Reis (Beau Bridges) soon discovers. There have been "six student-caused accidents" in the winter term alone. Fingers have been mashed, brows bloodied, eyes gouged, as if the boys were all under the rule of some demonic impulse.

Extracted with misplaced fidelity from Robert Marasco's unfortunate 1970 Broadway success, this lame tale about the corruption of innocence is little more than a trot for *Lord of the Flies*. An unpopular Latin teacher nicknamed "Old Lash" (James Mason) is certain that all the trouble is caused by his colleague Dobbs (Robert Preston), whom he describes as a "malevolence" and an "obscurity." Dobbs, however, is beloved of all the boys and Lash heartily despised as an overbearing, paranoid pedant. The bitter rivalry between the two teachers leads eventually to madness, suicide and the

equivocal triumph of evil, at least as far as the Code and Rating Administration will allow.

Beau Bridges is appropriately agitated throughout. Preston seems mis-cast, adept at being folksy and jolly but confounded when he is called upon to be sinister. Memories of *The Music Man* constantly intrude, and we keep expecting him to break into a cho-



MASON & PRESTON IN "PLAY"
A bitter rivalry.

rus of *Seventy-Six Trombones*. James Mason is superb as a kind of misanthropic Mr. Chips. As written, the part is little more than a cartoon. Mason turns it into a full portrait of a frightened man in the process of being destroyed.

It is a performance of such stature that the rest of the movie looks scrawny beside it. In *Fail Safe* and *The Deadly Affair*, Lumet showed a strong and substantial flair for melodrama, but nearly everything seems to go wrong for him in *Child's Play*, from Michael Small's sonorous and silly score to the untidy accumulation of anticlimaxes left about by the scenarist. ■ Jay Cocks

The Deep Six

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE

Directed by RONALD NEAME

Screenplay by STIRLING SILLIPHANT and WENDALL MAYES

The S.S. *Poseidon*, bound from New York to Athens on her last voyage, is struck by "an enormous wall of water" and capsizes out of sight of land. Many passengers are killed immediately, others die slowly of injuries sustained during the first impact or in subsequent, secondary disasters such as floodings and explosions. The only slim hope of survival is to crawl tortuously up through the

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HACKMAN & BORGNE IN "POSEIDON"
"God loves brave souls."

gutted bowels of the ship toward the hull, where the steel is thinnest, hoping that after agonizing hours, help will arrive.

It is exciting even to think what film makers like John Boorman (*Deliverance*) and Don Siegel (*Dirty Harry*) might have done with this material. Alas, this movie was directed by Ronald Neame (*Scrooge*) who saw his role as that of a traffic cop, his main concern to get his actors where they were supposed to go without bumping into each other too often.

The *Poseidon's* passenger list is a manifest of stereotypes, her cargo clichés. The hero is Reverend Frank Scott (Gene Hackman), a sort of sea-going Malcolm Boyd who exhorts his shipboard congregation to "have the guts to fight for yourself—God loves brave souls." Also among the survivors are a beefy cop (Ernest Borgnine) and his new wife, a reformed whore (Stella Stevens); a teen-age girl (Pamela Sue Martin) and her obnoxious little brother (Eric Shea); an aging Jewish couple (Shelley Winters and Jack Albertson) en route to the holy land; a timid haberdasher (Red Buttons); a willowy rock singer (Carol Lynley); and a plucky waiter (Roddy McDowall). With God as his copilot, and with a good deal of muscle, Hackman leads them ever upward, through sets that look as tortuous as a miniature golf course.

The script, which abounds in inane dialogue, is particularly vicious to women, who are portrayed as woefully helpless, weepy creatures who would surely perish without men to pull them through. The actors generally do better by the script than it deserves. Stella Stevens, looking well used but winning, is genuinely touching. Shelley Winters engagingly hammy. Gene Hackman, who seems to have the lion's share of the bad lines, nevertheless acquits himself very nicely indeed. There

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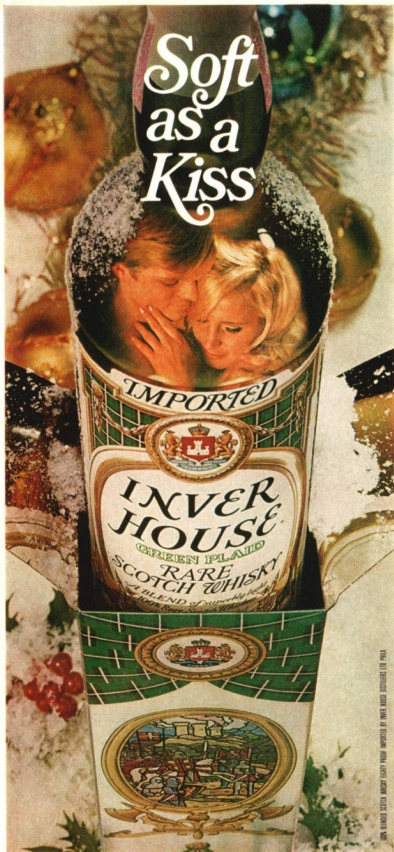
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CINEMA

is one scene in which he is required to pray to God, pleading with him and admonishing him, that Hackman, against all odds, manages to make believable. ■ J.C.

Family Business

THE MECHANIC

Directed by MICHAEL WINNER

Screenplay by LEWIS JOHN CARLINO

In Mafia patois a mechanic is a hit man. The titular mechanic of this misshapen thriller is Arthur Bishop (Charles Bronson), a name so bland that we must assume the producers were at pains to appease antidefamation groups of virtually every nationality. Bishop is a psychopathic Mr. Fixit, flawlessly efficient at doing in whoever has fallen out of favor with his employers. Emotionless, a loner, Bishop spends hours studying his quarry.

The first part of the movie, which concentrates mostly on Bishop's devices for dispatching his victims, is the best—cold, fast and intricate. Pretty soon, after murdering a Hollywood businessman, Bishop decides to befriend the man's son (Ian-Michael Vincent) and even to tutor him in all the tricks of the profession. The kid has his own personal reasons for playing the star stupe.

Unfortunately Winner (*The Jokers*) directs with easily detectable indifference. Bronson, at least, is better here than as the key informant in *The Valachi Papers* because he has less to say and more to do. Vincent looks throughout as if he had just received a humiliating score on an IQ test. When, at one point, he is called upon to say "I live inside my head," we know that he is talking about a vacant room. ■ J.C.



BRONSON & VICTIM IN "MECHANIC"
A psychopathic Mr. Fixit.

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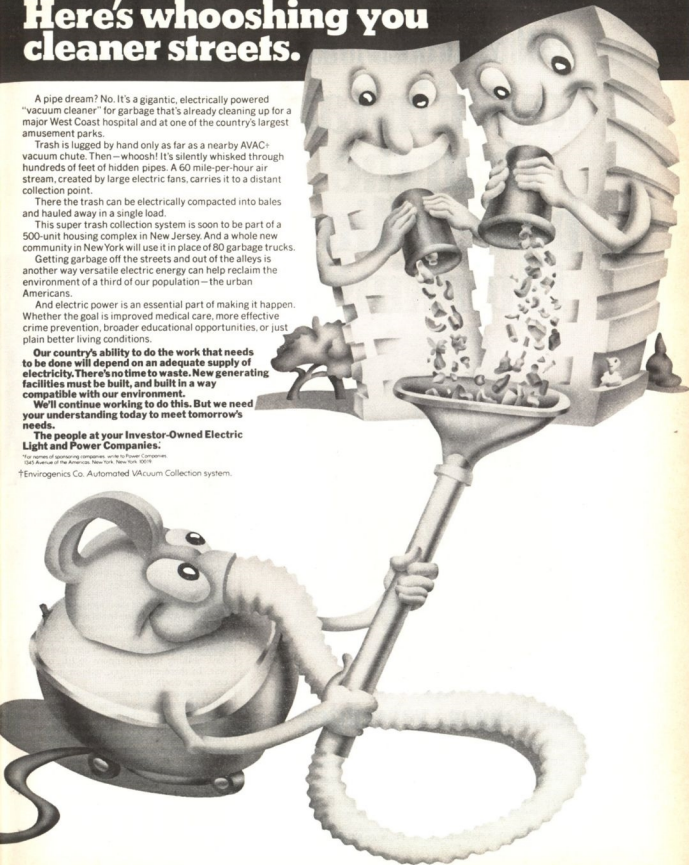
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THE THEATER

Sisyphus Agonistes

THE CHANGING ROOM

by DAVID STOREY

Life is war on the installment plan. With deceptive quietude, that is what David Storey, the most remarkable playwright to come out of England since Osborne and Pinter, has been telling us. The theme comes clear in *The Changing Room*, which is having its U.S. première at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater.

Playgoers and critics alike may be excused for having missed Storey's central concern. In his earlier plays, his spare, meticulous and almost detached

TAR WILLIAMS



LITHGOW (CENTER) IN "CHANGING ROOM"
Catchpenny Armageddon.

naturalism tempted us into thinking that Storey was dealing in slivers of life, when he was actually showing us life being shot away. Almost nothing happens in his plays. Ah, but on any given day, nothing much happens in life or war. In these enterprises, tedium is as certain as death is sure.

What are these segments of mortality as explored by Storey? In *Home*, Storey told us of the war against old age, quavering forays into the land mines of memory, desperate territorial imperatives like holding on to a chair in the sun at a home for the insane. In *The Contractor*, which also had its U.S. première at the Long Wharf, Storey told of the daily war of work, the campaign that liquidates itself with the setting sun and must be fought again the very next day. Man and his toil—Sisyphus agonistes. Men put up a tent for a wedding

party and then take it down. That is all that happens, and it is like watching an entire life unfold and then fold.

If *The Changing Room* is Storey's most powerful and moving drama, it is because he has found in sport his purest metaphor for the war of existence. The characters are a semi-pro English north country rugby team. Six days of the week, they are peaceable, nondescript employees somewhere. On the seventh day, they gird up their loins for gory combat. The changing room is where they come and go from their catchpenny Armageddon. In Act I, the men perform their initiation rites, strip down, loosen muscles, get into their uniforms. In Act II, they come off the field of combat, boy-toy soldiers, some broken (George Lithgow) all muddy and bloody. In Act III, after a late-minute victory, they are roaring, towel-flipping conventioners with a communal shower for champagne.

That is all there is, but it is enough to make this the finest new play seen on the North American continent this season, barring a miracle. The reason is not in the plot but in Storey's ability to be as intimate with his characters' hurts, hopes, desires and fighting instincts as an incomparable specialist



PLAYWRIGHT DAVID STOREY
Open-heart surgery.

doing open-heart surgery. The cast cannot be praised singly or too highly. All are Americans, yet their English accents are so authentic that they seem to have been flown in by BOAC. Director Michael Rudman has elicited ensemble acting from this group that rates close to perfect. As for the Long Wharf's artistic director Arvin Brown, he knows viscerally what is good in drama, and season after season he presents it with honesty, professionalism and *élan vital*. Lincoln Center should beg, borrow or skyjack him.

■ T.E. Kalem

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20 mg. "tar" 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUGUST '72.

LABOR

Taking Aim at Job Training

*Through these doors pass the future automotive painters of the world.
—Sign over a Los Angeles garage*

THE words may not seem wildly ambitious, but to the ghetto blacks being trained inside the garage with money from the Labor Department, the sign symbolizes the hope of acquiring a marketable skill. In the past ten years, the Government has spent \$19 billion to nurture that hope through job-training programs that at one time or another have enrolled more than 8,000,000 people. This fiscal year, Washington will pay \$1.6 billion to companies, vocational schools and public and private agencies that contract to teach job skills to more than 1,000,000 of the unemployed and underemployed—and sometimes to instruct them in the three Rs and personal grooming.

The payments are being made with growing reluctance. In the view of many businessmen, and more important of high Nixon Administration officials, the programs have swallowed huge amounts of taxpayers' money but failed to put enough unemployed into productive jobs. The programs are thus prime targets for budget cutting. The President, in a letter to Congress last spring, charged that the "array of patchwork programs...is not delivering the jobs, the training and the other manpower services that this nation needs." Such opinions will be reinforced by the recent drop in unemployment, which may make training seem less urgent. The Government reported last week that the jobless rate in November fell to 5.2%, the lowest figure since August 1970.

Is manpower training a boondoggle or a boon to those who are still unemployed? The Government's total effort is a complex of programs too diverse to support any generalization, except that manpower training has grown into a bureaucratic monstrosity. There are separate programs—many bearing such optimistic names as Apprenticeship Outreach, Operation Mainstream, JOBS, JUMP and WIN—for the urban poor and the rural poor; for blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans and Appalachian whites; for Viet Nam veterans, displaced aircraft engineers and welfare mothers.

Some programs offer classroom instruction, others on-the-job training, still others a mixture of both. They aim to place graduates in a wide variety of jobs, including auto mechanic, shoe repairman, nurse's aide, hotel bookkeeper. Coordination and supervision are spotty at best. Houston-area officials of the Labor Department's Manpower Ad-

ministration do not even know how many programs are operating locally; they estimate twelve to 18.

Several programs have had meager results. WIN (for Work INcentive), which trains welfare mothers for such jobs as clerk and keypunch operator, enrolls about 120,000 women a year, but 70% drop out before finishing the three- to six-month course, mostly because of physical or emotional problems, including drug addiction. The Job Corps, which houses youths in camps in order to take them out of a ghetto environment while providing training, has attracted only 21,000 to its 71 centers, which have a capacity of 25,000. Many youngsters prefer even slums to the barracks-like camps.

JOBS (for Job Opportunities in the Business Sector) program, under which companies contract to hire and train the hard-core unemployed and are reimbursed for half their wages, started strongly in 1968. But many companies cut hiring of trainees during the 1970 recession and have not increased it in the present economic upsurge. A study by the Congressional Joint Economic Committee staff charged that a few JOBS employers used federal money to hire uneducated, foreign-born hopefuls for dead-end jobs—although the companies were supposed to train them for jobs with upward mobility.

Repaid. Still, manpower training can hardly be written off as a total failure. Even outgoing Deputy Treasury Secretary Charles Walker, who once named the training programs as his "personal favorite" for elimination in a federal economy drive, figures that they have lowered the nation's jobless rate by one-half of 1%. Modest as that figure seems, it is really a striking achievement, because many of the trainees might otherwise have drifted onto the welfare rolls or into prison.

The JOBS program, for all its troubles, has scored some outstanding successes. Texas Instruments, for example, in the past four years has trained 2,000 workers, many poorly educated black women who had to be taught mathematics and English as well as the techniques of putting electronic devices together. Some 88% stay long enough to qualify for regular jobs that after a year typically pay \$2.44 an hour or more. The National Urban League, which gets money from the federal On-the-Job Training program and pays it out to employers, boasts that its efforts cost only \$870 per trainee. The Urban League figures that that sum is repaid to the Government in taxes on the new



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THE ECONOMY

employee's earnings within two years.

In New York City, the federally funded Vocational Foundation works with the hardest of the hard core: ghetto youths who are nearly all high school dropouts and average a fourth-grade proficiency in math. Half of them have had run-ins with the law, and 30% admit to having used hard drugs. Among other things, the foundation offers a JUMP (for Joint Urban Manpower Program) course that gives classroom instruction in architectural drafting to the youths who are placed simultaneously as junior draftsmen with 21 architectural and engineering firms. In the foundation's last class, 19 trainees started, 17 finished and eleven are still working as draftsmen; another trainee has gone on to college.

These successes do not greatly impress the Nixon Administration. Earlier this year it proposed in effect to turn over all the programs to states and cities by pooling all the money that Washington now spends on training and shipping it out in revenue-sharing grants. That was a questionable move because manpower training needs more central coordination, not less. The attempt was defeated in Congress, where manpower training has strong support—but for the wrong reason. Because the programs funnel money into many congressional districts, Congressmen tend to look on them as a new variety of pork barrel and vote for each other's favorite programs.

The fate of the programs in the next Congress is unpredictable, but one possible outcome should be avoided: a situation in which Administration pressure would produce deep cuts in funding, and congressional log-rolling would get the cuts distributed equally among ineffective and successful programs. The need, rather, is for an overhaul and refocusing of training efforts that would eliminate the unsuccessful programs—and give more money to those that are producing results.

CONSUMER SPENDING

The Best Christmas

As the Christmas shopping season reached its halfway point last week, Americans were already assured of waking up to an eye-popping pile of packages under their trees. Retailers are reporting sizzling gains in sales that by the end of next week will add up to the biggest Christmas ever. In line with the recent consumer spending spree (TIME, Oct. 23), department-store sales for 1972 are running 9% ahead of those for the previous year, with some large merchants ringing up gains of 13%. Discounting for the 3.4% rise in price tags

caused by inflation over the past year, that would mean a real increase in sales of at least 5.6% for most stores—a very good showing.

U.S. shoppers, who stashed away an extraordinarily high share of their income during the recession, are unloading some of it on almost every kind of merchandise. In clothing, says Lee Abraham, merchandising chief of the May department stores, "we are calling this the year of the sweater," because of the now popular "layered look"—calling for sleeveless pullovers to be



SHOPPERS IN SAN FRANCISCO
Sales are sizzling.

worn on top of regular sweaters and other multiple-sweater combinations. The strong housing market of the past two years has opened the door to more home-furnishing sales, which the National Retail Merchants Association estimates have risen 13% from last year. Marvin Traub, president of New York's Bloomingdale's, notes that one of the fastest-growing merchandise groups is adult games, a sure sign that gift buyers are no longer interested only in essential items, though the "back to basics" trend is still strong among many consumers. Make-it-yourself wine and cheese kits are selling well.

Some of this year's boost is coming from the calendar: the post-Thanksgiving scramble began two days earlier in 1972 than last year and will span an additional weekend. But most of it seems to be the result of old-fashioned consumer confidence, based on the booming economy, the bullish stock market and, most important, a greater degree of job security than in the past few years.

AUTOS

Three Straight Records

The auto industry used to count it an achievement to put two record years back to back, but now, for the first time since 1965, it is rolling toward three straight annual records. Sales this year, including imports, will wind up at about 10,850,000 cars, some 600,000 ahead of last year's previous high. Yet at what by Detroit standards is, if anything, ripe old age the boom seems to be accelerating further, and the companies' main problem is producing enough cars to keep dealers well stocked. The same is true of trucks, which constitute a good gauge of the state of the economy. Manufacturers are selling all the trucks that they can produce; volume this year will be about 2,470,000, way up from last year's record 2,070,000.

For the first quarter of next year, the makers are scheduling an output of 2.6 million cars, 16% more than in the hot first quarter of 1972 and about equal to the alltime quarterly high set in the last three months of 1965. With that kind of start, automakers are predicting yet another sales record of 11 million or more cars for all 1973, if—and it is a big if—the United Auto Workers do not stage a long strike against one of the Big Three when contracts expire next fall.

Luxury Compacts. The boom reflects a peculiar consumer psychology: car buyers seem to be going for economy and luxury at the same time. They are concentrating their purchases on compact cars, which now account for just over one-third of the market, easily outselling the next most popular class, the intermediates, which have just over one-fifth. Some of the fastest sales increases this year have been reported for American Motors' Gremlin (up 40%), the Chevy Nova (up 33%) and the Plymouth Valiant (up 19%). But then the buyers are loading these relatively low-priced cars with expensive options. Ford President Lee Iacocca expresses amazement at the number of motorists who purchase Pintos at a base price of about \$2,000 and proceed to equip them with stereo systems for \$200 each.

Illogical as it may seem, this trend is helping U.S. automakers to compete against imports. Overall, sales of imported cars have held about even in numbers, but their share of the U.S. market has slipped to 14.8% this year from 15.4% in 1971. Imports that offer basic transportation and not much else are down: Volkswagen sales are off 14% this year, and Toyota volume has declined 6%. Foreign-made cars that also offer a touch of luxury are selling much better. The great success story among the imports is the Capri, which has a 53% sales gain and now accounts for one in every 20 imports sold in the U.S. Score another for Detroit: the Capri is made by Ford in West Germany.

BANKING

The Battle of Big and Little

LIKE small-town America itself, the independent local bank has been fading away in many parts of the country, overcome by progress and competition from rich, efficient multibranch banking firms that are headquartered in big cities. In recent years, despite some Government constraints on bank expansions, the spread of large institutions to the suburbs and small towns has substantially quickened, investing major banks with ever more financial clout and raising howls from small bankers. As a result, the old arguments over how

The decline in the economies of many urban areas is also pushing large city banks into the suburbs. "The profitability of the seven largest banks in New York City, excluding their international operations, is at best mediocre," says Edward G. Webb, a vice president of Manhattan's Irving Trust Co.

With scant evidence to back their argument, independent bankers charge that absentee-owned branch banks, left unchecked, will wipe them out, dominate the country's economy and put profit above personal service and the

Kemper Jr., chairman of Commerce Bancshares Inc. of Kansas City, Mo., recalls: "As we moved into areas dominated by one bank, we found that in two towns the independents refused to offer even savings-account services. Now the townsfolk have the opportunity to earn interest on their savings." The most serious argument against small banks is that they frequently do not have the capital to meet the needs of individual and corporate borrowers in suburbs and growing rural areas.

Landmark. The battle of the banks is causing headaches in Washington. Bennett Gellman, staff member of the House Banking and Currency Committee, explains: "There's no 'right' answer. The best policy is to lean toward independent units because they offer more competition. But you need some of the big banks down there, too, as a spur." Says an official of the Federal Reserve: "This problem of big banks and small banks is one we debate day by day in board meetings."

An important check on the big banks' expansion policies could come in the next few weeks, when the Supreme Court is due to rule on a landmark case involving an offer by the First National Bancorporation Inc. of Denver to buy the First National Bank of Greeley, Colo. The Justice Department is opposing the purchase. It argues that by buying an existing bank instead of starting one, the holding company offers customers no new choice and could eliminate "potential competition" at some later date. The lower courts have ruled that present antitrust legislation covers only actual competition, and found against Justice. If the Supreme Court upholds the earlier decisions, Representative Wright Patman of Texas, the scourge of big banks, intends to get at them in Congress. He plans a bill making the test of "potential competition" mandatory in all bank mergers that are subject to Government approval.

The need for balancing the large against the little will continue to be an issue that will disturb bankers and their Government regulators. The most promising trend, in the view of Willard Rappleye, editor of the influential *American Banker*, is the rise of medium-sized, highly profitable regional banks with assets of \$1 billion or so. These institutions, especially in Tennessee, Missouri, North Carolina, Florida and Texas, have gained strong positions in their areas, largely through shrewd acquisitions by their holding companies of independent banks and mortgage companies. Unlike the \$20 billion giants, the medium-sized regional banks are small enough to avoid antitrust litigation, yet big enough to provide sound management and a wide array of services for people who want to borrow, save or invest money.



SMALL-TOWN BANKER CONFERES WITH FRIENDS IN SAUK CENTRE, MINN.
A choice between local control and impersonal efficiency.

banking can best serve the economy and the public have burst into a controversy that will soon reach the Supreme Court and the Congress.

In the last quarter-century the number of U.S. banks has shrunk from 14,759 to 13,000. Today the top 100 largest hold 54% of all commercial deposits, up from 48% seven years ago. In California, where banks can open branches anywhere, eight companies own 2,469 of the state's 3,126 banks; the Bank of America alone has 1,001. Forbidden by state law to set up branches outside the city, leading New York banks like Chase Manhattan and First National City are buying up institutions in the state through their bank holding companies. In Missouri, bank holding companies are acquiring small banks at a rapid rate and now have more than 50% of deposits, v. 15% three years ago.

local community's needs. They contend that society is healthier when control of credit is as diffuse as possible. John Harris, president of Callaway Bank of Fulton, Mo., asks: "If you were a holding company bank and money was tight, who would you take care of first—your little guy from Boonville or your big corporate customer?" Adds Allen Stults, past president of the American Bankers Association: "Big banks may be more efficient, but is that all we want? After all, the most efficient form of government is a dictatorship."

The chiefs of big branch banks counter that in providing competition in small towns they not only improve the efficiency of community banks but also offer residents a wider array of services, like computerized checking and often cheaper loan rates. Small banks can also be autocratic monopolies. James M.

How to take advantage of a Continental agent when you're leaving town.

Packing up and moving to another part of the country is enough of a problem without having to worry about all the insurance you'll need when you get there.

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EXECUTIVES

Mahoney's New Line

David J. Mahoney, the ebullient, \$350,000-a-year chief executive of Norton Simon Inc., looks like a movie hero, talks like a salesman in a hurry and is willing to go out on a limb. At the start of each of the past three years, Mahoney predicted that the earnings of the widely diversified food, drink and publishing company would increase by at least 15%. He has hit the mark every time. Now, bent on building N.S.I. into a consumer-products giant that would equal Procter & Gamble and Unilever, Mahoney has begun a major drive for acquisitions.

N.S.I. is set to pay \$480 million in stock next month for Hollywood-based Max Factor, the nation's fourth largest cosmetics firm, which has annual sales of about \$200 million. The acquisition will give N.S.I. its first big footing in the nation's drug stores and in foreign markets. Max Factor's 23 international branches generate roughly half of the company's earnings. Mahoney, who believes that the firm has been run too cautiously under the control of the related Factor and Firestein families, plans to quickly extend the product line.

Out to Win. The acquisition is Mahoney's latest effort to shake up the corporation that he was chosen to run in 1969 with the strong support of Norton Simon, who put it together. Soon after, Simon sold out his interest to devote himself to art collecting. Mahoney, now 49, took charge of a loose group of enterprises—Hunt-Wesson Foods, Canada Dry soft drinks, Johnnie Walker Scotch and other liquors, *Redbook* and *McCall's* magazines, David Susskind's television-production firm (Tal-

ent Associates) and even companies that manufacture tin cans.

Mahoney is a tough, demanding boss. Says Senior Vice President E. Garrett Bewkes: "We have put on 25% sales gains in some cases, but Dave will press for even greater improvement if he thinks the potential is there." Executives are ousted if they do not keep on pushing up sales and earnings. Mahoney has fired or otherwise replaced 60% of N.S.I.'s top management, and put in his own hand-picked people.

He has also boosted profits by splitting N.S.I.'s main branches into separate companies, as he says, "in order to identify the losers better." *McCall's* was divided into four profit centers—printing, magazine and book publishing, home-sewing patterns and data processing—and the manager of each was made responsible for its success. The profitable liquor distributorships were taken from Canada Dry and put under a new company, Somerset Importers, Ltd. Mahoney sold off most of the uneconomical bottling plants to franchisees; turning around from a loss four years ago, Canada Dry had pretax profits of more than \$9,000,000 in fiscal 1972.

Hunt-Wesson's line was also enriched with profitable new convenience brands. One big seller is the Snackpack pudding, concocted of such ingredients as food starch, artificial color, artificial flavor and preservatives BHT and BHA. In all, N.S.I.'s sales in the past four years went from \$940 million to \$1.2 billion, and its earnings climbed by 85%, to \$50.5 million. Says Mahoney: "Most companies are satisfied if they do not lose, but I was always out to win."

Good Humor. Mahoney, who calls himself a "conservative swinger," grew up in The Bronx, the son of a crane operator. He won a basketball scholarship to Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, but his studies were interrupted by World War II. He entered the Army, served in the Pacific and Japan, and was discharged a captain. Of all the items he has promoted since then, Mahoney has been most successful in selling himself.

Starting as a mail boy at New York's Ruthrauff & Ryan advertising agency shortly after the war, he quickly advanced to account executive, working days and commuting to Philadelphia nightly to get his degree from Wharton. A few years later, Mahoney founded his own small agency; he often haunted the bar at "21," nursing his drinks while looking for prospective clients. The agency's success brought him an offer to manage the Good Humor ice cream company, and in 1961, when Good Humor was sold, Mahoney made \$700,000 on his stock after only five years on the job. He spent the next five years at Colgate-Palmolive, helping direct expansion. Then Norton Simon, attracted by Mahoney's charm and ability, hired him to head Canada Dry.

Mahoney is a firm supporter and friend of Richard Nixon, who two years

ago appointed him to direct the preparations for the American Revolution Bicentennial in 1976. The unpaid job has made Mahoney the target of critics in Congress and out, all of whom have differing notions on how the celebrations should be held. To keep up with his expanding empire, Mahoney travels 120,000 miles a year. Last month he was in China to buy ginger for his soft drinks and discuss the possibility of importing hot *mao-tai* liquor. Yet Mahoney, who is worth about \$14 million, is already looking ahead five or six years, when he plans to hand the job over to a younger man. "Today I'm having a ball," he says, "but when the time comes, I hope I will be as smart as Norton Simon himself and pull out all the way."

NEW PRODUCTS

Name Calling

In the tradition of the electric toothbrush and the high-speed electric cocktail mixer, the latest effort-saving gadget is the Name Caller, which does away with the need of dialing a telephone. By pressing a button on the device, which can be easily attached to the phone, a user can reach any one of 38 numbers. Besides its speed and convenience, the Name Caller provides a fool-proof way for a baby sitter to phone police, firemen or the family doctor in an emergency. The gadget—about the size of a small bathroom scale—has been available for only four months in seven major markets, including New York City and Los Angeles, and already more than \$50,000 have been sold at prices from \$50 to \$60.

The device is made by Macom



MAHONEY IN CHINA
Aiming to win.



MERCER USING DIALER
Ma Bell's bane.

With every pair of Mr. Stanley's Hot Pants goes a free pack of short-short filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be wearing hot pants and smoking short-short filter cigarettes



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They're not for everybody.
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KING OF BEARDS



**This new
Schick Flexamatic
beats
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*Shaves so close,
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Buy the new Schick Flexamatic today. And take advantage of the 14-day home trial offered at participating dealers.

new Flexamatic by SCHICK

Products Corp., a firm that was started in August. Its founder and chief, Howard Mercer, 29, a former ski instructor and disk jockey, teamed up with two Mattel toy executives and designed the device. From August through October, Macom earned \$281,000 before taxes, on sales of \$1,200,000.

Big Hang-Up. Macom has run afoul of the telephone companies. American Telephone & Telegraph has long contended that no devices can be attached to phones unless AT&T approves and uses its own servicemen to connect them. Usually this involves not only an installation fee but also monthly payments to the local telephone company for use of a "foreign" attachment on its equipment. The phone companies contend that unapproved devices could foul up switching systems, leading to overlapping conversations and perhaps even injuring repairmen.

Newspaper ads and television commercials make it clear that the Name Caller links directly into the switching systems. A user can hook up the device by opening his phone box with a screw driver and connecting a couple of wires. With an IBM electrographic marker, the user records phone numbers on a revolving belt inside the machine in much the same fashion as high school students black out answers to a computerized test. As many as 38 phone numbers can be programmed onto the belt; later, any of these numbers can be changed by erasing the black markings and starting afresh. To dial a number, the user moves a pointer to a name on the selector panel and pushes a button. Inside the machine a computer-like sensing device scans the markings made on the belt and dials the correct number.

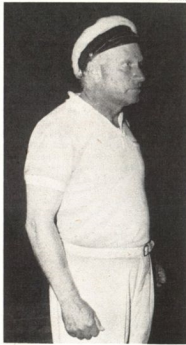
Though AT&T has not declared whether the Name Caller can really interfere with its circuits, a subsidiary, Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co., sent letters to eleven stores asserting that they were violating phone-use rules by improperly advertising the device. Last month Mercer filed suit in federal district court in Los Angeles, charging that AT&T, General Telephone & Electronics Corp. and 41 of their subsidiaries violated antitrust laws by attempting to use Federal Communications Commission regulations to force the Name Caller off the market. The suit also contends that the telephone companies threatened to suspend the phone service of retailers if they continued to sell the device. Indeed, the telephone companies can legally shut off service to any phone user who hooks up a device himself.

The FCC in the past has generally accepted the telephone companies' position. In the classic Carterfone decision of 1968, however, the FCC relaxed the regulations somewhat. Since then, consumers have been allowed to hook any accessory to the telephone, provided that it is connected through a "protective device"—supplied and installed by

a telephone company—that eliminates any possible electrical foul-up on the phone lines. AT&T will put in the Name Caller but will also bill the customer for installation and a monthly user fee.

Now the FCC is considering possible ways to completely eliminate the hookup regulation. One method would be to set equipment standards that, if met, would allow users to attach any device to the telephone. An FCC committee is studying such a proposal and next year is expected to make a final report which will be either approved or rejected by the FCC. While the legal maneuverings drag on, however, Name Callers continue to be used. Because they produce no traceable electronic impulses, it is nearly impossible for phone-company officials to detect them.

LAPFOT—GAWRA



BICH AT AMERICA'S CUP RACE

ENTREPRENEURS

Going Bananas Over Bic

Brokers on the Paris Bourse had never seen anything like it. At least not over something so mundane as a disposable ballpoint pen. Last month, when Baron Marcel Bich sold a fraction of his pen company's 1,500,000 shares to the French public, investors went into a frenzy over Société Bic. On opening day there were offers for 8,000,000 shares, but only 300,000 were made available; the price promptly jumped from \$176 to \$208. Helped by that rise, Baron Bich's holdings in the company that he controls increased to some \$200 million.

Last week the company got a wind-

fall when the French Ministry of Education ruled that the country's 4,000,000 children in elementary schools may use ballpoints instead of the traditional ink pens. It was about time. Bic has become a byword in the schools, offices and households of 96 countries. Nearly a billion and a half Bics are rolled out of 20 plants round the world every year according to company officials; they account for one-third of the world's ballpoint total, and production has been rising 10% annually. Baron Bich has done for ballpoints what Henry Ford did for cars: he has produced a cheap but serviceable model.

In 1945 Bich and his friend Edouard Buffard pooled their wealth—all of \$1,000—and started making ballpoint refills in an old factory near Paris. Soon it occurred to Bich that a disposable pen that needed no refills would be more to the point. What his country needed, as Bich saw it, was a good 10¢ pen. Today the cheapest throwaway Bic sells for less than that in France—about 7¢. In the U.S. the same pen retails for 19¢, and it is the biggest seller on the market.

The U.S. provides Bic with about half of its \$91 million yearly volume, much of which comes from the new Bic Banana, a fine-line carbon-tip marker that writes like a "felt" pen but is not as durable. Bic claims that in just over six months since it was brought out in the U.S., the 29¢ Banana has become the nation's No. 2 seller in the fine-line marker field, after Papermate's 49¢ Flair. In January or February next year, Bic will introduce packs of Bananas in combinations of colors; a five-pack will sell for 99¢ and a ten-pack for \$1.98.

Riding the Wave. Marcel Bich is a stubborn, opinionated entrepreneur who inherited his title from his forebears in the predominantly French-speaking Val D'Aoste region of northern Italy. He abhors technocrats, computers and borrowing money. At 58, he attributes his business successes to his refusal to listen to almost anyone's advice but his own. Bich says that his philosophy has been to "concentrate on one product, used by everyone every day." Now, however, he is moving toward diversification. A disposable Bic cigarette lighter that gives 3,000 lights is being test-marketed in Sweden; if it proves out, Bich plans to sell it for less than 90¢.

In the U.S., Bich is best known for his fiasco in the 1970 America's Cup Race; his sloop *France*, which he captained, got lost in the fog off Newport. He speaks in aquatic terms even when describing his company: "We just try to stick close to reality, like a surfer to his board. We don't lean forward or backward too far or too fast. We ride the wave at the right moment." Bic is now skimming along the crest of a 72% sales increase over the past five years. The baron hopes that with the disposable Bic lighter another big breaker may be in sight.

MODERN LIVING

Jewelry: Back to Design

In the most ancient civilizations, jewelers made little use of precious stones—and when they did, they used them to embellish essentially sculptural designs. It was only in later times that gems themselves became jewelry's *raison d'être*, partly because craftsmen learned to cut them to reveal their undeniable beauty, partly because they were believed to possess and emanate magical powers. As late as the 15th century, emeralds were prescribed as cures for epilepsy, dysentery and failing eyes, as guards against evil spirits and sure protectors of chastity. By the 20th century, says English Jewelry Expert Peter Lyon, "jewelry had declined to a point where it was only a collection of precious stones. Designing had little or nothing to do with it. The problem was how you could crowd together the greatest number of big stones."

Now the pendulum of taste is beginning to swing in the other direction. To many eyes, there is nothing so gaudy, nothing so gauche, as a huge solitaire diamond—and there is nothing so exquisite as an artfully crafted bauble. A growing number of jewelry designers here and in Europe are creating a New Jewelry that depends on purity of line, elegance of form, grace of motion to make its uncluttered point. Using materials less rare and less intrinsically valuable than gems—silver, bone, ivory and wood—their work is stark, simple and sculptural. Encrustation is gone; design, once more, is everything.

There are a number of reasons for this return to unadorned simplicity, not the least of which is crime. "Very few people wear diamonds now. The crime rate won't permit it," says Jane Norris, proprietress of Manhattan's Sculpture to Wear, which features the work of such masters as Calder, Picasso, Jean Arp and Man Ray as well as younger artists in its expensive (\$50 to \$3,500) collection. Her competitor Cynthia Bhagat of Amulets & Talismans agrees: "What's the sense of having diamonds if you have to keep them in the vault all the time?" Another factor in the diamond's decline is the high quality of man-made gems, which are distinguishable from the real thing only to the loupe-aided eye of a jeweler. One recent shipment of Wellington Counterfeit Diamonds was held up by U.S. Customs inspectors—until its owners could prove that the gems were artificial.

Most important of all,

many of the New Jewelers began as sculptors and have retained a sculptor's respect for the inherent qualities of the materials they work with. "There is an enormous appeal in the New Jewelry," says Lyon, who serves as jewelry consultant to London's River Gallery. "It has drawn in a lot of people who like its quiet, demanding skills, enjoy the tactile qualities of the metals." In lieu of gems, some of the artists, such as American Ellen Levy and Chinese Designer Susan Sung, use different-colored metals such as silver and gold, or varied textures, to free their work from monotony. For them, as Marshall McLuhan might have put it, the material itself is the message.

It all adds up to what Ralph Turner, director of London's pacesetter Electrum Gallery, describes as "a renaissance. It's like a fresh new stream that is rushing to pour its heart out." An apt word, renaissance, for the New Jewelers are indeed going back to jewelry's birth, rediscovering and freely adapting ancient and traditional patterns, with a sense of excitement much like the Cubists' on their first encounter with primitive art. Traditional Oriental pieces, such as a high one-piece silver collar from Thailand that gives the illusion of being five separate circular necklaces heaped one atop the other, go perfectly with the elegantly simple lines of contemporary high-fashion clothing. So do the intricately crafted silver and turquoise belts and vertebrae-like necklaces hammered out by Indian metalworkers of the Navajo, Zuni and Hopi tribes. The similarity be-

Below: Poison ring and illusory two-finger ring by Elsa Peretti. Right (clockwise from top left): necklace by Ellen Levy; silver Navajo belt and necklace; curlicue pendant by Ramosa; multitextured pendant by Susan Sung; Lucite and silver ornament by Barbara Locketz.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AL FRANCESKEVICH

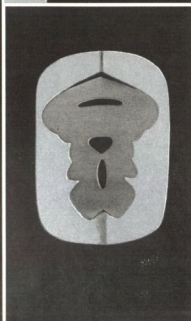
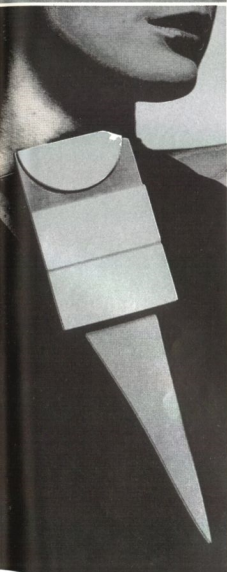
tween the old and new is at times so striking—as with Edival Ramosa's curlicue aluminum and silver necklace—that some of the New Jewelry, says Lyon, "would have been more acceptable in Etruscan times."

Still, the New Jewelry is unmistakably contemporary, possessed of a modern playfulness that transforms familiar objects into something unique and unexpected. Take, for example, a Gucci bracelet (see *overleaf*) formed from a silver spike in a parody of the iron nails used by carpenters. Or Otis Creative Craft's silver wristlets, hammered from antique forks into dazzling abstract shapes. Rings, too, are subject to the New Jeweler's wit, as with the illusory double ring by Elsa Peretti: worn only on the little finger, it extends across the ring finger, appearing to encircle both. At first glance Noma Copley's engagement ring appears to hold an ordinary solitaire complete with 58 facets. On closer examination, the "stone" turns out to be pure gold.

To be sure, the New Jewelers, who number among their loose-knit ranks such artists as Painter Roy Lichtenstein and Sculptors Pol Bury and Barbara Chase-Riboud, are also capable of work that crosses the thin borderline between mere decoration and art. Some pieces, such as Phyllis Mark's kinetic pendants, which suspend shimmering abstract forms within silver ovals, are even sold with stands so that they can be displayed as glittering tabletop art. Other works, like the slablike silver and Lucite pendant by Denver Sculptor Barbara Locketz, need no prop at all.

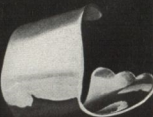
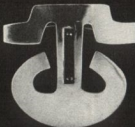
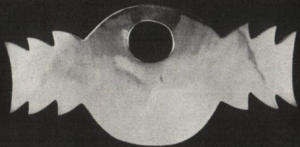
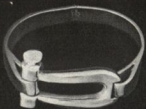
For all its virtues, the New Jewelry, which at times takes massive assertive forms that resemble nothing so much as castoff machine parts, is not to everyone's taste. Not every woman has the bearing to wear it, admit its creators. "It looks great on a Milanese model," says Lyon, "but doesn't look so hot on an old bag." Even thieves have not yet become aware of its worth. In a recent robbery of the home of an American writer in Paris, everything was stolen—with the exception of one New Jewelry silver bracelet with a moonstone cap.







Sculptured Jewelry. *Top, left to right: Otis Creative Craft's antique fork bracelet; Gucci bangle and abstract horseshoe wrist band. Second row: Gucci spike; Designer Dia Diadato's free-form brooch. Third row: Sculptor Phyllis Mark's sea-horse pendant; Painter Roy Lichtenstein's enamel pin; Diadato's Miró-inspired pin; Mark's kinetic pendant. Bottom row: abstract cuff bracelet from Georg Jensen; anchor-derived pin; curvilinear necklace designed by the late Jean Arp; free-form cuff from Jensen's.*



A Sacred Madness

The first symptom is a slight trembling of the shoulders. Then comes a weakness in the legs, then a sweating of the palms. Chills, fever, even nausea sometimes follow. Some victims regularly employ mild doses of alcohol for temporary relief. The more imaginative resort to yoga and hypnosis. Whatever the antidote, the common malady known as stage fright is accepted far and wide as a natural part of the performing experience.

It need not be, says Pianist Charles Rosen, a sometime author who won a National Book Award earlier this year for *The Classical Style*. In the current issue of the literary journal *Prose*, Rosen argues that for concert performers, at least, stage fright is an outgrowth of the questionable principle that recitalists must perform from memory. Playing by heart may make the performance seem a spontaneous creation of the virtuoso himself. But since the audience already has in mind an idealized notion of the music, an inevitable gap opens between concept and realization. Public humiliation awaits the performer who lets the gap get too broad.

"The silence of the audience," writes Rosen, "is not that of a public that listens but of one that watches—like the dead hush that accompanies the unsteady movement of a tightrope walker poised over his perilous space. At every performance of a Beethoven sonata, the audience is aware of a text behind the sound, a text which is approached, deformed, illuminated. The significance of the music as performed starts from this tension. The physical sign of this tension is stage fright." Like epilepsy, he says, "stage fright is a divine ailment, a sacred madness."

Separation. It was not always so, says Rosen. Until the mid-19th century, pianists, for example, regularly played from the score or improvised. With the score sitting right there on the piano, how could anyone question the pianist's veracity? If he were improvising, virtually composing on the spot, who was to challenge him? Thus stage fright was all but unknown. But then along came Clara Wieck (soon to become Robert Schumann's wife), who did away with the score at public performances. The result, eventually, was an absolute separation of composer and performer.

Rosen suggests that it is too late to do anything about the problem unless performers are allowed to bring back the scores and the great art of improvising. Ideally, they should have the abandon of the jazz saxophonist or the Serbian bard hatching his epic. Another solution, it might be added, would be luring composers from their suburban comfort to play their own music. Until

then, he notes, one thing that can alleviate stage fright is "the absolute certainty of a botched performance." In coming upon a piano with a sticky pedal or a defective hammer action, says Rosen, "one is reduced to doing one's best."

Still Shuffling

No two composers have benefited more from the current ragtime revival than those legendary figures Scott Joplin and Eubie Blake. Joplin, who died in 1917, has been championed largely by such "legitimate" pianists as Joshua Rifkin and William Bolcom, as well as Dancer-Stage Director Katherine Dunham, who mounted Joplin's opera *Treemonisha* in Atlanta last February. Blake's champion? Why, Eubie himself.

Though Blake will be 90 in February, he played in Manhattan's Lincoln Center last week as though he were a youthful 70. Prancing out on only slightly creaky legs, he clasped his hands over his head like a boxing champ, then scurried for the security of the piano bench. There he launched energetically into his own *Troublesome Ivories*, which turned out not to be troublesome at all. At the end of W.C. Handy's *Memphis Blues*, Blake set off a series of feathery right-hand twirls up the scale that must have been what was originally meant by the oft-abused phrase tickling the ivories.

Blake needed no assisting rhythm section. The highly audible rat-tat-tat of his heels filled that bill. His technique is in the percussive, pedal-heavy ragtime tradition—bouncing, thump-pah bass and ornate, syncopated melody—but it is nonetheless astounding in its flawlessly striding left hand and daringly acrobatic right. Blake still practices two hours a day; he works so much on the eve of a concert that "I get sick of hearing myself." Midway through a delirious rendition of his brand-new *Classical Rag*, Blake cried out, "Aha, it sounds good to me!"

James Hubert Blake has been sounding good to a lot of people ever since he composed his first ragtime piece, *Charleston Rag*, at the age of 16. Born and raised in Baltimore, Eubie was the son of freed slaves. "My father would show me the stripes on his back," he recalls. "He looked like a leopard. My mother would say, 'Don't tell that boy about slavery.' My father said, 'Yes, I want him to know,' and he would say, 'Don't hate the people for that; they thought they were right.'"

When Blake moved into vaudeville in 1902 at the Academy of Music on New York City's 14th Street, he still found vestiges of oppression. "Every night after the show, they backed a wagon up to the stage door on 13th Street and cart-

ed us down to Bleecker Street. In those days, the colored artists had to stay in crumb joints. We couldn't even go to the door of a good hotel."

Two decades later, New York's front doors began opening to Blake as the composer of such Negro-flavored Broadway musicals as *Elsie and Chocolate Dandies*. His biggest hit was a startlingly original synthesis of ragtime and operetta called *Shuffle Along*. Written with Blake's old vaudeville partner, Lyricist Noble Sissle, *Shuffle* ran for 18 months in 1921-22 and introduced both jazz dancing and Josephine Baker to Broadway. Two of his show tunes were destined to become standards in the pop world and steady royalty producers for him: *Memories of You* and *I'm Just Wild About Harry*.

Blake has no secret for longevity, other than his daily vitamins and late-morning sleep—or his remarkably carefree attitude about the whole thing. He has been smoking cigarettes, for example, since he was six, and has no intention of quitting. These days he is busy touring the college campuses, playing festivals like the Newport Jazz Festival, and invading major concert halls in such cities as Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and, of course, New York. In between, he "rests up" in his modest, nine-room house in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, and sometimes lets his mind wander back over times gone by. Like the night when he was eight and thought there was a ghost in the backyard. Actually, it was a white shirt hanging on the clothesline. His father took him outside, made him touch the shirt, then whipped him. "He only whipped me three times in his life and each time it was for being afraid," says Blake. "So I'm not afraid of anything."

EUBIE BLAKE AT NEWPORT (1971)



Tidings

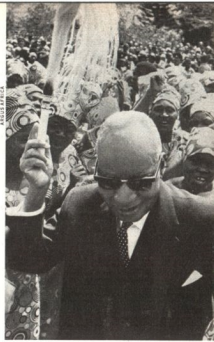
► By all accounts, a virtual pogrom is in progress against the 22,000 Jehovah's Witnesses in the African nation of Malawi. The Witnesses have been outlawed there since 1967 on the grounds that they are "dangerous to the government," but they have persisted as an underground church. Malawi President-for-life Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda, a staunch elder in Malawi's Presbyterian Church of Central Africa, has become increasingly angered by the "devil's Witnesses," their unwillingness to join his ruling Congress Party, their refusal to take loyalty oaths, and their exclusivist claims to religious truth. A Congress Party convention in September demanded that the Witnesses be expelled from their jobs and property, and since then party zealots have been carrying out the mandate with fervor. One company with 200 employees was shut down because it refused to fire a Witness who worked there. Huts have been burnt, and as many as 60 Witnesses may have been killed. Most of the Witnesses have fled to a calamitously overcrowded refugee camp across the border in Zambia, where an estimated 19,000 have been fighting among themselves for the meager water supply. As many as nine are dying daily, mostly children. Said a distressed Zambian official last week: "Only a change of heart by Dr. Banda can save them."

► Santa Claus came to town last week in Flushing, N.Y.—not a department-store imitation but the original St. Nicholas, who was a 4th century bishop in the Asia Minor city of Myra. Or at

least a part of him came. Relics of the saint—fragments of his skull and a vial of oily substance said to have oozed from his skull—were formally enshrined in St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church in Flushing. A gift from the Roman Catholic Church to the Greek Orthodox, the relics were sent to New York from the cathedral in Bari, Italy, where other relics of the saint remain. Nicholas' bones had been brought to Bari in the 11th century after being stolen from Myra by Italian soldiers. Little is known about Nicholas. Legends of his good works include one that portrays him supplying dowries for three impoverished girls, thus saving them from careers as prostitutes. That tale, combined with local folklore, eventually produced the St. Nicholas of European tradition, who reputedly brought gifts to children on the eve of his Dec. 6 feast day. The custom was later transferred to Christmas in many countries.

► Last winter the small U.S. branch of the Roman Catholic Order of the Most Holy Trinity raised some eyebrows by soliciting religious vocations in a *Playboy* ad. Last week the Trinitarians took an ad in the Sunday New York Times to announce the returns from *Playboy*: more than 700 responses from college men, 30 of whom have already been accepted for training. Among them are black, white, Chicano and American Indian candidates. Nine respondents who had no church affiliation are now taking religious instructions. Others wrote asking for guidance in becoming ministers or rabbis. The *Times* ad appealed for contributions to finance further pitches "in the big ones like *TIME* and *Newsweek*."

► The last place one might expect to find stereotypes that foster anti-Semitism is in Sunday school. But according to a new study of teaching materials used by ten Protestant denominations and two publishing houses, texts and lesson plans "still tend to draw an unjustifiably negative picture of Jews and Judaism in dealing with such crucial issues as the Jewish religion, the Jews' rejection of Jesus as the Messiah [and] their role in the crucifixion." The study, published jointly by the National Conference of Christians and Jews and the American Jewish Committee, found the most extreme bias in such conservative denominations as the Church of the Nazarene and the Assemblies of God. One of the Assemblies' texts explains the persecution of Jews throughout history as "the price Jews paid for their rejection of Christ." Traces of bias were also found in such mainstream denominations as the United Methodist Church and the United Presbyterian Church. One United Methodist lesson, for example, perpetuates the notion that Judaism at the time of Christ was an ossified, spiritually



BANDA AT CONGRESS PARTY CONVENTION
Burnt huts and dying children.

bankrupt religion, whereas Christian scholarship now recognizes that Jewish institutions and intellectual life of that time were in fact dynamic.

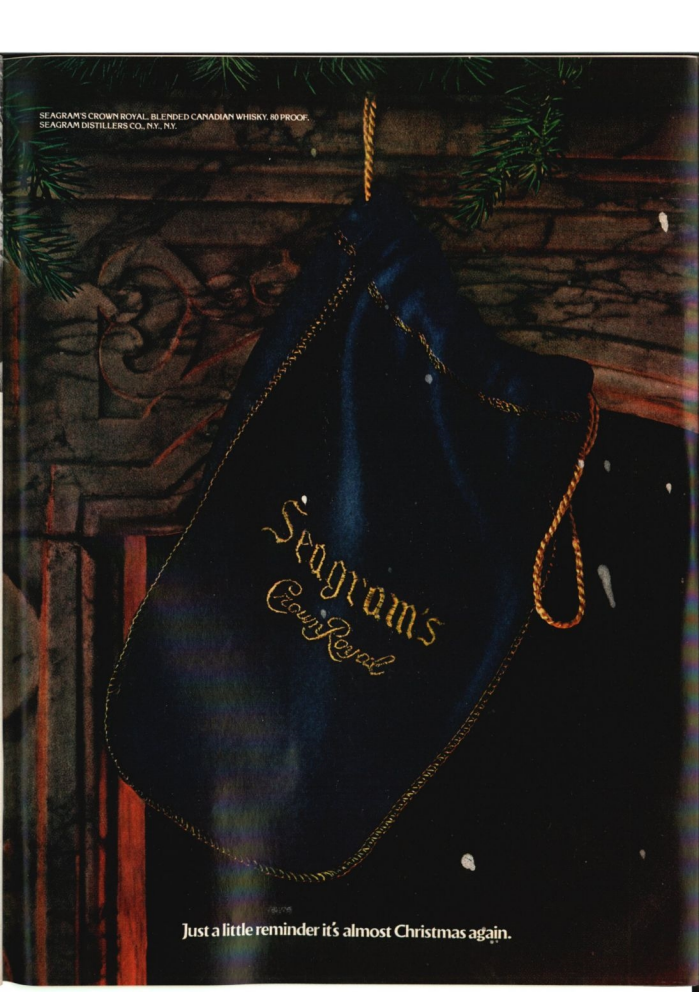
► Three years ago, the National Council of Churches elected its first woman president, Episcopal Laywoman Cynthia Wedel. Last week in Dallas, the N.C.C. General Assembly chose as her successor its first black president: the Rev. W. Sterling Cary, 45. Cary is currently chief administrator of the 91 United Church of Christ congregations in metropolitan New York City. He brings to the titular office a broad ecumenical background: ordination by the National Baptist Convention, pastorates in an interdenominational church, a Presbyterian church, and a United Church of Christ congregation in Harlem. In a statement accompanying the news of his election, Cary complained about the slow progress of Black Power in the churches: "Empowerment today is limited to the placement of certain individuals in executive positions. That isn't empowerment."

Turning the Century

When the Disciples of Christ's *Christian Oracle* changed its title to *The Christian Century* in 1900, the gesture was one of supreme confidence in the future of liberal Protestantism. The 20th century has not quite fulfilled that hope, and is not likely to, but the weekly magazine has marched gamely ahead as if the dream might still come true. Its best-known editor, Charles Clayton Morrison, made it a nondenominational magazine, championing such causes as Prohibition, ecumenism, biblical liberalism and militant pacifism. The journal became must reading for well-informed American Protestants. When



ST. NICHOLAS' RELIQUARY IN NEW YORK
Dowries to save three girls.



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When Ford pioneered the station wagon in 1929, we simply combined a durable, economical car with a lot of space in back.

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We've taken the durable, economical Pinto—and given it over 60 cubic feet of cargo space. (Vega Kammback and VW Squareback give you about 50.) The rear seat folds down, the lift gate swings up out of the



way, the spare tire is stored under the floor to maximize cargo space.

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Plus extra strength universal and ball joints, starter motor, rear wheel bearings.

Front disc brakes are standard on Pinto Wagon. Along with rack-and-pinion steering, a body that's welded into one solid piece of steel, and a rear suspension specially designed for load-carrying.



In short, the Pinto Wagon is ideal for people who want a basic economy car that carries more—or a wagon that costs less.

Shown here is the Pinto Wagon with Squire Option, optional whitewall tires, luggage rack, deluxe bumper group, automatic transmission.

Pinto Wagons for '73, at your Ford Dealer's. Better idea for safety...buckle up!



When you get back to basics,
you get back to Ford.

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION



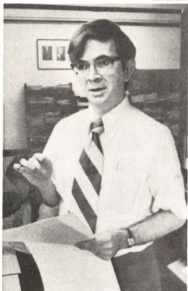
RELIGION

World War II came along. Morrison stuck so tenaciously to his pacifist guns that one of the *Century's* favorite theologians, the late Reinhold Niebuhr, broke from it to found *Christianity and Crisis*, which favored military action against Nazi aggression.

Now the *Century* is facing another crisis—the practical matter of survival. Confronted with rising costs and dropping circulation, the magazine announced last month the appointment of a new editor, United Methodist Clergyman James M. Wall, 44, a tough-minded, energetic Southern liberal who was baptized into journalism as a copy boy by the late Ralph McGill of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Wall succeeds outgoing Editor Alan Geyer, a Methodist minister and political scientist, who had edited the weekly since 1968.

Though soft-spoken and boyish

ARTHUR SHAY



WALL IN "CENTURY'S" CHICAGO OFFICE
A definite moral viewpoint.

looking, Wall is no stranger to tough scraps and long odds. He has just finished a near-hopeless contest for the U.S. House of Representatives; he ran as a liberal, pro-McGovern Democrat in an Illinois district where voter registration was 3 to 1 Republican. In losing, Wall ran 7,000 votes ahead of George McGovern.

Though the fight to save the *Century* is not nearly so hopeless, the magazine's problems are grave. Domestic circulation is down to a low of 30,000, a drop of some 7,000 in five years. A shaky courtship of the subscribers of Britain's defunct *New Christian* went sour; hardly one subscriber picked up from the *New Christian's* list has since renewed. Worst of all, soaring production costs and increasing postal rates forced the magazine's management to dip into hitherto untouchable endowment capital. In the past four years, the fund has dropped from \$750,000 to

\$250,000. "We simply cannot invade our capital any further," says Wall firmly. He plans a number of economy measures, and he will appeal to supporters for contributions.

As editor of the United Methodist's *Christian Advocate* for the past nine years, Wall brought to that journal a bright streak of professionalism while indulging his affection for writing; he was his own film critic. When the *Century's* board chose a new editor, says Wall, "they deliberately chose a journalist." Though he may have to leave much of the *Century's* movie criticism to others, Wall hopes to brighten up the *Century's* good gray image in other ways. Despite the tight budget, he intends to develop a stable of writers with individual styles "whose names will become important. What we need," he says hopefully, "is some Christian Norman Mailers."

Putdown. The first step toward improving writers' recognition came when the magazine's anonymous "Pen-ultimate" column finally went public; it is now called "M.E.M.O." and is signed by one of its longtime co-authors, Theologian Martin Marty. Wall also hopes to use more of the work of Associate Editor Stephen C. Rose, an acerbic young clergyman who commands a loyal following among young Protestant liberals. Moreover, says Wall, he plans more detailed news coverage, though with a definite moral viewpoint. He intends, he wrote in a recent *Christian Century* editorial, to emulate his mentor Ralph McGill, "whose writing style and evangelistic concern for people were biblical."

Wall believes that a more vigorous editorial policy will help achieve a break-even circulation of 40,000 and perhaps more. He cannot help looking with some rue at his conservative Protestant competition, the prosperous *Christianity Today*. *C.T.*, whose paid circulation now stands at an all-time high of 178,000, is riding the crest of an evangelical renaissance that makes the liberal *Christian Century's* clientele look something less than enthusiastic. In an ungracious but witty putdown last April, *C.T.'s* anonymous columnist "Eutychus V" focused on the *Century's* reputation for being more certain of its political than its religious beliefs. The *Century*, wrote Eutychus, is "a must if you want to know what unmarried librarians of indeterminate religious convictions are thinking—this week."

Wall is determined to change that image. Perhaps his best hope for doing so lies in what he calls his "ambiguous" feelings toward liberal Protestantism. He sees the mainstream churches at least as often foolish as they are wise. He believes that the *Century*, and liberal Protestants generally, must shift from pious approval of their churches to a more realistic and vigorous appraisal. Concludes Wall: "What we have to say about the church and the world will be gutsy and robust."

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BOOKS

Pepys Lives!

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPPYS. VOL. VI: 1665, VOL. VII: 1666

A new and complete transcription edited by ROBERT LATHAM and WILLIAM MATTHEWS. University of California Press. \$25 the pair.

Broach a barrel of oysters, call for sack—be merry, mighty merry! To read Samuel Pepys again in this new edition is a celebration.

March 17, 1666, Pepys commissioned his portrait from the painter John Hayls in Westminster: "I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by." The portrait survives. The deep-cut front line marks an appetite for hard, late work, the genius for politics and administration, by which a London tailor's son became the virtual founder of the British navy at the opening of its 250-year supremacy. The full, recurring, sensuous mouth betrays the man of pleasure. But the eyes, the liquid, curious, direct gaze, speak the passionate observer he was, like a "child to see any strange thing," then living it again vividly in recollection.

He rises by candlelight to take his



SAMUEL PEPPYS PAINTED BY JOHN HAYLS

COURTESY NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

silly, much oppressed wife on an outing down the Thames. He frets over his accounts, glistens with pleasure to find himself "in the whole, to be worth above 1400 pounds—the greatest sum I ever yet was worth." He gossips of Lady Castlemaine, brought to bed of her fourth child by Charles II.

He investigates the manufacture of ropes and cordage. He is troubled by "great pain in pissing." He bears the first tidings of a victory over the Dutch at sea. A rare occasion, he washes himself "with warm water; my wife will have me, because she does herself." He is elected to the Royal Society and watches Robert Hooke's celebrated demonstrations "upon the nature of fire, and how it goes out in a place where the ayre is not free."

He walks to the Swan tavern to meet Sarah Udall, recording his aims, in bastard French, to "kiss and see *mamelles.comgram plaisir*." He reports to the royal council on the victualing of the fleet, and is complimented by "the King afterward, who doth now know me so well, that he never sees me but he speaks to me about our Navy business."

On June 7, 1665, "Much against my Will, I did in Drury-lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there"—for it was the year of the Great Plague, when between a quarter and a third of London's population died. A year later, September 2, the Pepys's maid "Jane called us up, about 3 in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City"—the first hours of the Great Fire of London, which destroyed half the city.

Pepys's accounts of these great events in these two volumes are the great set pieces of the nine years covered by his diary. But the diarist's true brilliance and worth are to be found in everyday doings. Abridgments, bowdlerizations, fine bindings, one-volume editions of Pepys have appeared in surfeit. But there has not been a complete new edition since H.B. Wheatley's in the 1890s, and that one like all its predecessors was riddled with mistakes, sup-

COURTESY NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

pressions, minor and major omissions.

The new edition is instantly the only acceptable version. In a joint venture between Pepys's own Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the University of California, the editors have gone back to Pepys's original clear shorthand manuscript, transcribing it entirely afresh. For the first time, everything is printed; even Pepys's emendations and ink blots are noted—for the use of scholars and the reassurance of us all.

This edition has been published in multiple-volume installments since 1970. It will run to eleven volumes, one for each diary year, plus an index and a full book of commentary, *The Companion*. The historian editors have called in men of excellent learning about things Pepys loved: theater, music, pictures, the streets and alleys, palaces and porches of London. Pepys's pages are helpfully (and thoroughly) cross-referenced and annotated. Nearly as much as Pepys took pleasure in a handsome woman or a new song of his own composing, Pepys loved books. He would have reveled in these. ■ Horace Judson

Sole

WALKING DAVIS

by DAVID ELY

233 pages, Charterhouse. \$6.95.

In the beginning were the feet. Between them and the head developed a remarkably complex apparatus that enabled one foot to be placed in front of the other alternately and repeatedly. The procedure was called walking, and when done over a period of time, walking became automatic, even natural.

The head was then left free to think or just look out through the eyes and enjoy the scenery. Thinking, looking and walking proved to be mutually helpful activities. Oldtime writers like Henry David Thoreau thought so and wrote a lot about walking, including an essay titled *Walking* to be read by people who were sitting. Thoreau provided a lot of health food for thought, including an explanation of the word "sauntering," which he saw as a fermentation of the medieval pilgrim's phrase, *à la Sainte Terre*—to the Holy Land.

Modern pilgrims, like Novelist David Ely's Pierce ("Walking") Davis, have no such goal. Davis does not even have a fixed idea of what the Holy Land might be. An ordinary Midwestern auto mechanic with a wife and kids, he has only the urge to put one foot in front of the other and the vague though practical notion that if a common man engaged in such a common activity long enough, he could walk around the world.

This Davis does, starting out as a publicity stunt for a fertilizer company and continuing on his own after the company's president changes his mind. No one can persuade Davis to stop. He refuses to accept rides—even in elevators—and generally sheds material and

THE FIRE OF LONDON, 1666



In 1918 we made the only Frigidaire refrigerator.



We still do.

When we introduced the Frigidaire refrigerator 54 years ago, everybody was happy about our invention, including the iceman's wife.

Needless to say, the iceman wasn't delirious.

We, who made the Frigidaire, became a little unhappy as years went by. Why? Because some people called just any refrigerator a Frigidaire.

We didn't think that was right, because even though many manufacturers made refrigerators, we didn't believe anybody made one with our same, high quality standards.

To this day, nobody's changed our minds. We think you'll feel the same way that we feel about

Frigidaire refrigerators when you bring one home.

We believe you will be happier with Frigidaire appliances than any others, not only when you buy them, but many, many years after they've lived with you in your home.

Antique Frigidaire refrigerators from decades ago can still be found in a number of homes. And they're not standing there as nostalgic memories.

They're working away still keeping the milk and the soda and the butter and the eggs fresh while turning out the ice cubes.

We built them to last. We still do, so that they'll always be healthy, hearty and strong members of your family.



Every refrigerator is not a Frigidaire.



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**Almost 200 years
at the same location.**

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Why not turn a few green dollars into some blue chip U.S. Savings Bonds? Join the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or

buy Bonds at your bank.

U.S. Savings Bonds. They're a solid way to save.



Now E Bonds pay 5½% interest when held to maturity of 5 years, 10 months (4% the first year). Bonds are replaced if lost, stolen, or destroyed. When needed they can be cashed at your bank. Interest is not subject to state or local income taxes, and federal tax may be deferred until redemption.



Take stock in America.

Bonds are a safe way to save.

"Our own vineyards. Our own aging cellars.
Our own unhurried way of making wines. They are
traditions of quality that we will never change. You'll enjoy
them in each sip of our fine white wines."

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Bite into the salty brown skins of these almonds. Crunch into those crisp kernels. Taste the fabulous Smokehouse® flavor. We won't say these Smokehouse® almonds are habit-forming. But we will warn you: One nibble is never enough.

Note: These are the same Blue Diamond almonds you sampled with cocktails on the airlines. More and more stores are now stocking them. Blue Diamond snack almonds are also available in four other great flavors: Roasted Salted, Onion Garlic, Barbecue and Cheese. If you can't find them in your store, please write:

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P. O. Box 1768 Sacramento, CA 95808



cultural encumbrances. Mostly he sleeps wherever night catches him, often outdoors, though occasionally he takes shelter with gypsies or nomads.

It can be argued that the unrecognizable assemblage of rags and bones that finally shuffles back into Spark, Iowa, and back out *again*, is not Pierce Davis, but the spirit of walking itself. It can also be argued that David Ely solves some difficult problems by the simple expedient of avoiding them. How Davis crosses some large bodies of water on foot remains a pesky mystery; how he hobbles across Scotland on a broken leg is only slightly clearer.

But by that time, the importance of such details has been overshadowed by the magnitude and cheerful inexorability of Davis' undertaking. In addition, the author, who demonstrated his narrative skills, quiet humor and satire in such pointed novels as *Seconds* and *The Tour*, succeeds in the delicate job of balancing the complete ordinariness of Davis with a weighty implication: salvation (whatever it may be) lies in the pilgrimage, not in any destination. Should this prove too transcendental for some tastes, it is worth noting that according to a recent item in the *Wall Street Journal*, hiking boots are a growth stock.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

the great affection and knowledge that Crichton shows. His description of a starved, out-of-work miner treating himself to one golden, fabulously self-indulgent, perfectly boiled egg would splinter a heart of oak.

AUGUSTUS
by JOHN WILLIAMS
305 pages. Viking. \$7.95.

His great-uncle and adoptive father, Julius Caesar, has had a far better press: well-publicized conquests, a dramatic assassination, a sympathetic portrait by one William Shakespeare. Yet historians generally agree that Caesar's lesser-known nephew and heir, Gaius Octavius Caesar—later to be called Augustus—was in many ways a greater man. His



ROBERT CRICHTON



JOHN WILLIAMS



PETER DRISCOLL



DAVID MCCULLOUGH

Notable

THE CAMERONS
by ROBERT CRICHTON
509 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

Fashionable French film directors (Rohmer, Truffaut) are now busily re-inventing the 19th century novel of feeling for cinema audiences, who, it sometimes seems, no longer read. One can hardly blame Robert Crichton, therefore, if he puts between hard covers the makings of one of those harrowing, heartwarming 1930s film sagas that used to star Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, attractively but thinly disguised as proletarians on the rise. The time is turn of the century; the place, a Scottish coalpit town complete with oppressed miners, strikes and lockouts, an unfeeling owner and a bloody-minded mine superintendent named Mr. Brothcock. Crichton's story centers on a Scots lass with a will of steel who marries a fine free Highlander, turns him into a miner and plots the escape of their family, the Camerons, from pit and penury through years of sacrifice and discipline. Naturally they do escape, not in the way expected, but to America where one suspects the author will find them making their way in a sequel.

Crichton is the author of the highly successful *Secret of Santa Vittoria*, and this book is already a bestseller. Yet *The Camerons* curiously resembles an autobiographical first novel; its uneven scenes are sometimes sheer cardboard, sometimes compelling. Easy complaints about slickness, commerce and sentimentality, though, do not do justice to

conquests endured longer than those of Napoleon and Alexander; the imperial system he painfully built took five centuries to decay; the Pax Romana he warred to achieve was one of the longest periods of relative peace that history has ever known. The man himself, however, even in this excellent study by Novelist and Poet John Williams, has remained elusive.

Williams attacks his subject from the flank, through the invented journals and letters of Augustus' family, friends and enemies. He breathes life into Old Friend Maecenas, generous patron of the poet Horace but a terrible versifier himself, and the fluttery Ovid, burlesqued by Williams in a splendidly overblown poem. The most vivid character is Augustus' daughter Julia, a Becky Sharp of the Roman salon.

Augustus never quite takes on the same forthright humanity. Only in the novel's final sequence, where the dying Emperor writes a long apology to his only remaining friend, does Williams dare to do what Robert Graves did in

I, Claudius and step into Caesar's shoes. Augustus emerges as a man wanting to be human but convinced that his destiny will not allow it. Like Jean Anouilh's Creon, he found his world in disorder, a masterless ship with the wheel spinning free. Williams has evoked the awful human cost of setting the ship back on course—a course, as Augustus ruefully foresees, that is only the long way round to doom.

THE WILBY CONSPIRACY
by PETER DRISCOLL
324 pages. Lippincott. \$6.95.

The essentials of a good pursuit thriller have varied little since Richard Hannay took his first steps. The hero—canonically, he will be English, an engineer, home from Africa—acts from pure impulse to help some little guy in danger and thus takes on the mission he does not understand. Through countryside of great variety and beauty he flees from the police and usually some alien political enemies as well. Chivied on, he slowly penetrates the aims of his pursuers, each revelation concealing within it a further duplicity, until a border is crossed back into the sane and normal world, where right prevails.

Author Peter Driscoll has assembled the classic elements with smooth variations. His English engineer, Jim Keogh, is on leave in Cape Town when he rescues a black man being beaten by an Afrikaner cop. The black turns out to be a political fugitive. They escape together, north across the Great Karroo and the Highveldt toward Johannesburg and the Botswana border, pursued by the political police. Along the way they meet a splendid Afrikaner secret agent named Horn, as sinister as a deadly fungus.

Skillfully, without any self-consciousness, Driscoll offers the obligatory bag of uncut contraband diamonds and a perilous descent by rope and bosun's chair into a bottomless sinkhole. There are no lions or giraffes, and the only buffalo is up on the wall where he belongs in a tale like this.

THE GREAT BRIDGE
by DAVID MCCULLOUGH
636 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$10.95.

It had to leap the swift tidal waters of the East River, at 1,595 feet the longest span ever tried at the time anywhere in the world. Most experts felt it couldn't or shouldn't be done. But in the 1860s two leading citizens of bustling Brooklyn yearned for an all-weather link to New York City. Tammany Hall's beady-eyed Grand Sachem, William Marcy Tweed, who had already swindled millions in contracts for what should have been a \$250,000 courthouse, saw the bridge as an even more lucrative project.

The building of the Brooklyn Bridge was therefore authorized in 1867. That it was eventually completed, in 1883, as

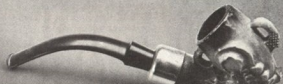
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BOOKS

one of the greatest accomplishments of technology and perseverance that the world has ever seen was due largely to the passion and vision of engineer John Augustus Roebling, a wealthy wire-rope manufacturer from Trenton, N.J., and his son Washington. German born (he actually studied under Hegel) and a proven designer of long suspension spans, the elder Roebling drew up daring plans for the bridge but died in 1869, before the work started. Washington took over and launched the building. He was soon obsessed with the project—a sort of Engineer Ahab. By 1873, he had driven himself to mental and physical exhaustion. He was confined to his Brooklyn Heights house for a rest, but carried on, supervising the work by telescope from his riverfront window as his long-suffering wife Emily relayed messages to and from the project.

There is scarcely a dull page in David McCullough's story. The reader descends with the sand hogs into the huge, dim airtight caissons on which the bridge towers would stand. In the atmosphere of compressed air, workers got the bends. But no one knew what the disorder was. Those afflicted were treated with a shot of whisky and a rub-down. Brave and nimble wire crews climbed 20 stories high on the towers, spun 900 miles of wire into four great cables, then hung 832 "suspenders" to carry the long deck.

The bridge took 14 years to build, cost \$55 million and killed at least 20 workers. It helped bring about Boss Tweed's fall. More important, its progress toward completion, like this book, summed up an optimistic, exuberant era.

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (1 last week)
- 2—The Odessa File, Forsyth (2)
- 3—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (3)
- 4—Semi-Tough, Jenkins (4)
- 5—The Persian Boy, Renauld (6)
- 6—The Elger Sanction, Trevanian (9)
- 7—The Camerons, Crichton
- 8—Dust on the Sea, Beach
- 9—The Winds of War, Wauk (5)
- 10—To Serve Them All My Days, Delderfield (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (2)
- 2—Supermoney, "Smith" (1)
- 3—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (9)
- 4—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins
- 5—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (4)
- 6—Journey to Ixtlan, Castaneda (8)
- 7—"Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye," O'Donnell, Powers, McCarthy
- 8—The Peter Prescription, Peter (3)
- 9—A Nation of Strangers, Packard (7)
- 10—5,000 Nights at the Opera, Bing (10)

In places like Beverly Hills, Chevy Chase, Grosse Pointe and Lake Forest, burglars know there's more than an alarm buzzer guarding some of the nicest stores.

We allude to the guarding being done 24 hours a day, every day, at the ADT Central Stations to which these top stores are linked electronically.

Guarding that means the buzzer will not only be "heard," but responded to. Even when no store personnel are there. Even if we have to send our own investigators as well as the police.

But you don't have to be a posh store to have an ADT alarm system linked with an ADT Central Station. ADT has Central Stations from Portland, Me. to Portland, Ore. In fact, we have more than our next three competitors combined.

An ADT Central Station is an electronic wonderland into which feeds not only burglar and fire alarm signals from stores, from premises of all kinds, including residences. And even signals monitoring every imaginable process or "happening" from chick incubation to chemical pollution.

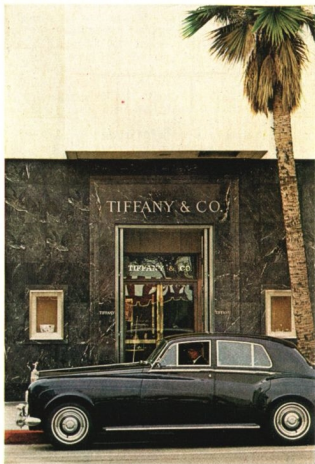
It's a demanding job. But 98 years' experience has taught us there are no shortcuts in security, which is maybe why we're assigned such jobs as protecting the U.S. Treasury and the Pentagon.

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The Security Company

Leukemia — a cancer of the blood — ranks as the biggest child killer in the United States. We look at Leukemia as a child's puzzle with scattered pieces that, when put together, will spell cure.

Ten years ago, if leukemia struck a child or adult he didn't have a chance. Today, 10 to 20 percent of children with lymphatic leukemia are living five years or longer. The chances are very good that we can wipe out leukemia completely within the next few years! And we have a definite plan.

In January of 1971 the University of Minnesota established a Leukemia Task Force to attack the disease point blank. The Task Force is a coordinated, hard-hitting team of eminent research scientists. But to do the job they need new kinds of equipment . . . uniquely qualified researchers . . . community, individual, foundation, and corporate support.

All monies received by the Fund will be directed exclusively to this leukemia research project, and no administrative or other expenses will be deducted. This is the first no load, no overhead approach to the cancer research problem.

THE PLAN OF CONQUEST

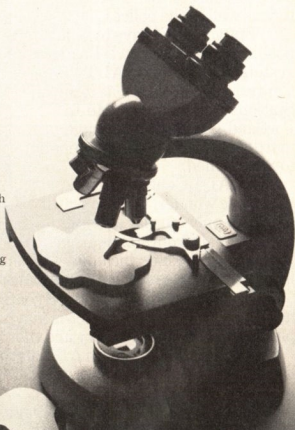
The Task Force is focusing on these investigations:

- Research on viruses and cancer-causing agents
- Research and development of new drugs and combinations of drugs for leukemic therapy
- Attempts to adapt and strengthen resistance and immunity mechanisms of the body as an adjunct to present treatments
- Extensive studies of leukemic cells in tissue culture (test tubes)
- Analysis of cell to cell communications
- Development of improved methods of recognizing and treating the crises of bleeding and infection which complicate both leukemia and other cancers

The time will never be better to help put the puzzle together. If successful, this project will have world-wide applications, and will open the door to a better understanding of most other cancers.

Please send check or money order to:
Leukemia Research Fund
University of Minnesota Foundation
107 Walter Library, University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455

**We're looking
for pieces
to the puzzle
that will
Cure Leukemia**



**Help us
Put it Together.**



Leukemia Research Fund

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The Decline and Fall of the Avant-Garde

ART is in bad shape. Advanced art, that is. The diagnosis: condition feeble. The prognosis: poor. The avant-garde has finally run out of steam, whether in Munich or Los Angeles, Paris or New York; the turnover of styles and theories that gave the 1960s their racking ebullience (Abstract Expressionism, Minimalism, Op, Pop and so on) has been followed by a sluggish descent into entropy. There seems to be no escape from that spiral.

Dealers continue to exhibit their pet trends as though nothing had happened, but recent art criticism has taken on a glum, apocalyptic tone: "The art currently filling the museums and galleries is of such low quality generally that no real critical intelligence could possibly feel challenged to analyze it...There is an inescapable sense among artists and critics that we are at the end of our rope, culturally speaking."

The writer is not some reactionary foggy whose predictions have finally come true, the way a stopped clock is right twice a day. She is a leading modernist critic, Barbara Rose, and her strictures would not have been made in the '60s, when American art seemed to inhabit an endless summer. Then New York believed in its manifest destiny; it had become the new Paris, or even Imperial Rome. The "mainstream" ran through New York. And it seemed by mid-decade that virtually everyone with something to invest was blundering about in its turbid flood like a shark, snapping up artworks. The culmination of this process was "Henry's show," a huge and partial exhibition called "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" that Henry Geldzahler organized at the Metropolitan. If ever an exhibition broke the back of a decade, it was this one. It declared the union of new art, capital and official power to be indissoluble, and crystallized the dissatisfactions that many artists felt with the interlocking, market-based System. It seemed to proclaim the end of an era.

The era was of great significance. It still seems true that American painting and sculpture during those 30 years reached a level of quality and invention that it never had before and may not soon regain. But creative periods do not last forever, and the desire to invent does not guarantee them. By 1970, few serious artists were untroubled by the exploitation of art. And one remedy that was proposed with increasing frequency was the abolition of the art object itself—anything that could be bought or possessed. This was not

a new idea. Unfortunately, when used as a principle of art activity, it caused an eddy—even a vacuum—in which the avant-garde is immobilized today.

"Advanced" art—whether conceptual art, process art, video, body art or any of their proliferating hybrids—avoids the object like the plague. The public has retreated, in turn, from it. This is a worldwide phenomenon, and what now exists is not simply a recession of interest (and talent) but a general weariness—a reluctance to believe in the avant-garde as principle. To be ahead of the game now seems pointless, for the game—under its present rules—is not worth playing.

Why did this happen? Those interested in the fate of the avant-garde should reflect on a Viennese artist named Rudolf Schwarzkogler. His achievement (and limited though it may be, it cannot be taken from him; he died, a martyr to his art, in 1969 at the age of 29) was to become the Vincent Van Gogh of body art. As every moviegoer knows, Van Gogh once cut off his ear and presented it to a whore. Schwarzkogler seems to have deduced that what really counts is not the application of paint, but the removal of surplus flesh. So he proceeded, inch by inch, to amputate his own penis, while a photographer recorded the act as an art event. In 1972, the resulting prints were reverently exhibited in that biennial motor show of Western art, Documenta 5 at Kassel. Successive acts of self-amputation finally did Schwarzkogler in.

Resurrected though incomplete, Schwarzkogler has entered the pantheon along with such living eminences of the Viennese imagination as Hermann Nitsch (whose ritual, the *Orgies Mysteries Theatre* performed in New York last month, consists of covering himself, a room and everyone in range with animal blood and guts) and Arnulf Rainer (whose act is to truss himself, like a plucked hen, in thongs and twine, have photos taken, and smear the prints with black paint).

No doubt it could be argued by the proponents of body art (a form of expression whereby the artist's body becomes, as it were, the subject and object of the artwork) that Schwarzkogler's self-edging was not indulgent but brave, taking the audience's castration fears and reducing them to their most threatening quiddity. That the man was clearly as mad as a hatter, sick beyond rebuke, is not thought important: wasn't Van Gogh crazy too? But Schwarzkogler's gesture has a certain emblematic value. Having nothing to say, and nowhere

NITSCH'S "ORGIES MYSTERIES" PARTICIPANT



KOUNELLIS' PARROT & PERCH



BODY ART'S SCHWARZKOGLER



ESSAY

to go but further out, he lopped himself and called it art. The politics of experience give way to the poetics of impotence. *Farewell, Jasper; hullo, Rudolf!*

The idea of an avant-garde art was predicated on the belief that artists, as social outsiders, could see further than insiders; that radical change in language (either oral or visual) could accompany, and even help cause, similar changes in life. To keep renewing the contract of language, so that it could handle fresh and difficult experience—such was the hope of the avant-garde, from Courbet to Breton and beyond. And the hope needed certain conditions of nourishment. First, there had to be something to say, some proposition about experience, and this entailed a rigorous sense, among artists, of the use of their art. Art needed to be a necessary channel of information. Otherwise, why should changing it matter? Second, art required a delicate, exact sense of its own distance from society, so as not to be co-opted. And third, there had to be a strict faculty of judgment about one's responsibilities to language. Newness for its own sake lay on the periphery, not the center, of the avant-garde.

These are not, to put it mildly, the conditions that govern what passes for advanced art today, especially in New York. The Avant-Garde Festival, held this fall on a boat moored at the South Street Seaport in Manhattan, was a fair

own sake, and the measuring of meaningless quantities."

And so a thicket of verbiage protects, and supports, the most banal propositions. Recently, an artist named Jannis Kounellis showed (among other things) a live macaw, sitting on a perch that projected from a steel plate. "The parrot piece," Kounellis explained, "is a more direct demonstration of the dialectic between the structure and the rest, in other words, the nature of the parrot, do you see? The structure represents a common mentality, and then the sensuous part, the parrot, is a criticism of the structure, right?" Stripped of its jargon, this is a not very surprising revelation that parrots are not perches. But at least one could scratch the parrot, which is not the case with more conceptualized works like Mel Bochner's recent piece at the Sonnabend Gallery: *The Seven Properties of Between, 1971-72*. It consisted of leaves of paper on which were laid stones, labeled A, B, X and Y, with such observations written below as "If X is between A and B, A and B are not identical." What, one wonders, are such minimalities doing in an art gallery rather than a child's primer of logic? Gallery space is not, in fact, necessary: one of Robert Barry's conceptual efforts required that the door of his gallery be locked and adorned with this notice: "For the exhibition, the gallery will be closed."

There are no aesthetic criteria for dealing with such

works. If some artist shows a clutch of Polaroids of himself playing table tennis, this is called "information." But who is informed, and about what? "Information" has become the shibboleth of the '70s, a vogue word, as "flatness" was in the '60s and "gesture" was in the '50s. Information is somehow opposed to "culture." For all the pretense of entering the world out there, however, conceptual art remains inexorably culture-bound. Its very existence hinges on the privileged status of art itself, a status drilled into the world audience by decades of institutional art-worship. No matter how nugatory an event or object seems, it is nevertheless special, being art. And within this protective box, the conceptual artist—as Sculptor Robert Smithson acerbically put it—disports himself "like a B.F. Skinner rat doing his 'tough' little tricks."

These matters do not afflict body art to the same degree, even though the atmosphere of suspension and privilege peculiar to the recent avant-garde remains. But the trouble with most body pieces is that they are either so small in conception as to be negligible—for instance, Dennis Oppenheim slowly tearing off a section of his fingernail—or so grotesque in their implications, as with poor Schwarzkogler, that they amount to overkill. Triviality or threat: take your choice.

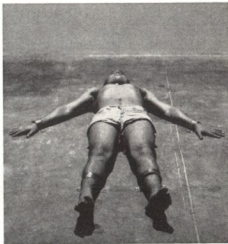
There is something indubitably menacing about the work of people like Vito Acconci, one of whose recent pieces was to build a ramp and crawl around below it, masturbating invisibly; or the young Los Angeles artist Chris Burden, who had himself manacled to the floor of an open garage, between live wires and buckets of water, so that (in possibility) anyone who cared to might kick over the pails and electrocute the artist. The sight of such gratuitous risk is a vulgar frisson for the spectators, and unlikely to appeal to those who believe that art and life interact best at a distance from one another. At least the psychodramas of body art connote a desperate involvement that is missing from the other, and colder, latitudes of conceptualism. If conceptual art represents pedagogy and stale metaphysics at the end of their tether, body art is the last rictus of Expressionism.

But faced with the choice between amateur therapy and finicky, arid footnotes to Duchamp, the mind recoils. In fact, the term avant-garde has outlived its usefulness. The hard thing to face is not that the emperor has no clothes; it is that beneath the raiment, there is no emperor.

■ Robert Hughes



CELLIST MOORMAN
A desperate involvement? Or the last rictus of Expressionism?



ARTIST CHRIS BURDEN

example of the problem: a confusion of irresolute trivia, ranging from a cabin full of autumn leaves (which, at least, the kids enjoyed throwing around), through numerous video pieces, to Charlotte Moorman—who enjoys a fame of sorts as the world's only topless cellist—playing her instrument under water. It was all so affably amateurish, like a transistorized rummage sale, that one gave up expectation.

A besetting problem for experimenters is that people no longer expect to get their necessary information from art; it was this gap that the artist-made video tape promised to close. But an event does not automatically gain aesthetic meaning because it is recorded, hand-held, on half-inch tape. Too many video pieces are either bald documentaries or hermetic diaries. Watching a tape of some artist making funny faces at himself has as many *longueurs* as gazing into the painted eye of a Landseer spaniel.

The inherent purposelessness of anti-object art becomes a real liability in one area: conceptualism. The basic claim of conceptual art is that making objects is irrelevant. The artist's duty is to reveal and criticize the attitudes by which art is made. In fact, painting and sculpture have always done this; every authentic creation is also a criticism, but criticism is not its sole subject. Instead, as Art Critic Max Kozloff pointed out in a trenchant essay on art-as-idea, we get "deliberately undigested accretions of data, documentations without comment, the purveying of information for its



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